

**Incidents of My Life
and Life Work**

JACOB BAKER

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Jacob Baker

Incidents of My Life and Life Work of 84 Years

TOGETHER WITH

A Few Sermons, Papers, and a
Story for Children



BY

JACOB BAKER

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TO MY LOVED AND FAITHFUL DAUGHTERS
CLARE E. BAKER AND FLORENCE E. PORTER
AND THE FRIENDS CHURCH
THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

AT THE request of my friends, and for the love of the truth, I have been constrained to gather up some of the "Incidents of My Life and Life Work," in the simple story of God's gracious dealing with me and mine. His marvelous preservation through the years of my pilgrimage, and granting me the privilege to share with Him in service for the Church and souls, has been a great cause of Thanksgiving. The narrative began a year and a half ago, and has been gathered in the midst of a strenuous life, in the fragments of time snatched from the passing months, which, I trust, may be made a blessing to my readers and patrons.

Incidents are varied and many-sided, drawn from actual experience, in secular and spiritual life. They cover length of years and a broad territory, and we sincerely crave for them your kindly measure of their virtue, and charitable consideration.

In addition to the "Life Work," I have deemed it safe, and best, to add a synopsis of a number of my sermons, which, under God's anointing, I have been privileged to utter as His messages, in their peculiar

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setting, as based upon the Inspired Word. The papers on "The Inner Life of the Pastor," and "The Holy Spirit," have been prepared with much prayer and care, hoping to add both interest and merit to the volume. The story for children expresses a unity of action worthy of note.

In submitting this volume to the public, I am aware that it has been a necessity very often to repeat the first person singular, but please allow it to carry you to the One only wise God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be all the glory.

ADRIAN, MICHIGAN.

INTRODUCTION

KNOWLEDGE of God and of Christ is the highest possible acquisition. "This," said Jesus, "is life eternal." Awakened sinners regard their Creator as an inexorable Judge, satisfied with nothing short of a sinless life, and far separated from themselves by their transgressions. They feel the sorrows of just condemnation. Some of them repent, confess their sins, seek pardon through "the redemption which is in Christ Jesus," believe, and *know* God as reconciled, regenerating, adopting them as His children. This is the beginning of a knowledge not merely intellectual but instinctive also, and of which Jesus loved to tell His disciples. They *sense* His presence, and discover Him to be their attentive Comforter, Counsellor and Guide, hearing and answering prayer, and constantly inviting them to a more intimate friendship with Himself. They learn the secret of *walking* with Him, *waiting* upon Him, *proving* Him as their sufficiency.

All this is in the plan of God for mankind. Not only does He offer the riches of this blessed experience to all his followers, but in every age He raises

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up witnesses to testify of it and persuade men to seek it. Abel testified of it to his generation; Enoch to his; Moses, David, Elijah, each to his. Even the "dark ages" were not without men and women who were proving God faithful to His promises, and persuading their fellows to seek Him with their whole heart. In modern times the number of competent and faithful witnesses is greatly multiplied. Their clarion messages are heard above the Babel of unhallowed voices that call men away from the thought of God and holiness and eternity. They witness at the fireside, in the office, and in the pulpit. They embalm their testimony in books; and Christians who long for the perfect life, find inestimable comfort, instruction and inspiration in the memoirs of holy men and women of their own country and their own time.

To this class of helpful literature, our friend, Jacob Baker, now offers his contribution in a brief review of his earnest, faithful life. He has been for many years a clear, strong witness to the fullness of the redeeming grace, to the possibility of holiness of heart and life through the power of that grace. He has been a *cheerful, buoyant* witness, in whose voice was no tremor of uncertainty. His ministry, whether by word or by example, has ever been a rebuke to sin and a glad invitation to right-

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eousness. Thousands have been blessed by it, and have come to know their God more perfectly. May his narrative, unpretentious and abounding in reminiscences, but viewing all things from the standpoint of one who knows how to use the world without abusing it, and who never forgets that his real citizenship is in heaven, cheer and instruct the heart and better the life of many a reader.

WILLIAM P. PINKHAM.

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INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE AND LIFE WORK OF 84 YEARS

CHAPTER I

HAVING been urged by my friends and the publishers of the *Evangelical Friend* to write a clear and explicit account of my life and work, I now undertake, through Divine help, the pleasant and somewhat difficult task. I claim no literary merit or peculiar skill as a writer, but for the glory of God, under His guiding hand, undertake to give a simple narrative of a journey of eighty-four years.

I was born in the Township of Perinton, Monroe County, New York, May 10, 1827, of Quaker parents. My father, David White Baker, was the son of Moses and Cynthia White Baker, whose original home was at the foot of the Hoosack Mountains, Massachusetts. My father had three brothers and three sisters: John, Oren, Moses C., Mehitabel, Lucy and Cynthia. My mother's name was Elizabeth Palmer Hoag, youngest daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth P. Hoag, both natives of New York, all

Friends. Jacob Hoag, my grandfather, was born in the Township of Oblong, Dutchess County, New York, June 15, 1760. Elizabeth Palmer, his first wife, was born in Westchester County, Township of Bedford, New York, August 19, 1760. They were married December 1, 1785. To them were born five sons and three daughters: William, Stephen, Burtis, Israel, Jacob, Mary, Lydia and Elizabeth. My grandfather was a cousin of that saint of God, Joseph Hoag. My grandfather died at Macedon Center, New York, July 19, 1855, at the age of ninety-five years, one month and four days, a dear, loving, saintly man, ripe for Heaven.

Being born a member of the Friends Church, in the year of the Hicksite separation in the State of New York, it became the duty of my parents to decide where they wished to be identified, which resulted in choosing orthodoxy rather than heterodoxy. My grandfather, Jacob Hoag, having married for his second wife, Damaris Clapp, a strong Unitarian, through her influence went with her, though orthodox in belief and experience. All his sons and daughters went with the Orthodox Friends.

While we are warned against dependence upon "endless genealogies", nevertheless some remembrance of ancestry seems profitable. We were members of Farmington Monthly Meeting, Wayne

County, New York, close by the little town then named "Pumpkin Hook," taking its name from the story that a farmer taking in a load of pumpkins for market, lost most of them by theft, hence "Pumpkin Hook." It was there a little, flaxen-haired boy learned "thee and thou." For five years that lad was beginning to taken in, in small measure, the world into which he had come. These were the first days of school. One day father took me with him to Palmyra village, and entering a store he asked me to look about and see what I would like. My eye caught a copy of Noah Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, and I asked him to buy it, which he did. From it I first learned to spell Baker.

A remarkable feat for one so young occurred the spring I was five years of age; father uncovered his potatoes that had been buried for winter keeping, set the wagon by them, and asked me to fill the basket while he plowed around, then he would empty it and I could fill it again, and boy-like, I thought it fine, the result being forty bushels picked that day. How often father repeated the story to his friends I can not tell, but my ears listened with delight at every repetition of it.

In the autumn of 1832, father sold his farm of forty acres, and planned to remove to Michigan the next spring, and the fall and winter found him head

sawyer in a mill on Mud Creek, near Caleb McOmbers, a noted Friend minister of that day, whose wife, Esther, was my father's aunt. One day I had some playfellows a little older than I, and they planned to cross the dam on a rude walk of plank and poles, and I followed, an exceedingly dangerous adventure for one so young. When midway, father discovered me; he stopped the mill and, standing speechless, watched his boy until he landed safely, then came and kissed his first-born, and kindly admonished me not to do so again. We have had fathers in the flesh that corrected us, and we gave them reverence, shall we not rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits and live? It was long years before I visited the childhood home, all the time having fixed in my mind the dwelling and other buildings with their surroundings, but to my amazement, everything had diminished in size and distance nearly one-half, and I began to comprehend as never before, that as years increase we realize the swift flight of time and the stern realities of the life that now is, and that which is to come. How vividly come the expressive words of the poet:

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew.”

CHAPTER II

THE winter of 1832-1833 was spent in preparing for removal to Michigan, the family then numbering five, father, mother, two sons, Jacob and Henry, and one daughter, Lucy. The oldest child, Lydia Ann died at the age of two and one-half years, and was buried at Farmington Friends cemetery, New York. I well remember when we took the packet at Macedon on the Erie Canal for Buffalo; it was a time of special interest when we reached Lockport. My mother had warned us not to put our heads out of the window, for they might be crushed like some had been. Arriving at Buffalo, we secured passage for Toledo on the steamboat DeWitt Clinton, about the middle of May.

Had a pleasant trip till we reached Maumee Bay, where we ran aground on a sand-bar about 4 p. m., and were fast till 10 a. m. next day. During this time the shore was lined with Indians with their ponies, curious to learn this new means of navigation, for it was said to be the first steamboat that had sailed up that bay for three years. Noon found us dining at the lone log hotel in that village.

Here we were met by Israel and Jacob Hoag, mother's brothers, who had come to Michigan the year before. They had come from Raisin Valley with ox teams to take us and our goods through thirty-five miles of wilderness to their home. We made the first ten miles to Tenmile Creek (now known as Sylvania, Ohio) that night; and next day at sundown reached Uncle Israel's home on the bank of the river Raisin. There I had my first night's rest in "My Michigan." About one-fourth of a mile through an undergrowth of oak lived Uncle Jacob, and at six in the morning father called: "Would thee like to go with me to Uncle Jacob's?" I replied in the affirmative, and we were soon on our way, but had not gone far before a flock of wild deer started up, raised their white tails, trotted a little way and halted, my first sight of that inhabitant of the forest wilds. The first important business on hand for my father was to make a selection of government land on which to build a home. Having selected 160 acres on Section 4 in Palmyra Township, he, in company with his brother, Orin, started on foot for the State land office at Monroe, Mich., a distance of thirty miles. When within five miles, about sundown they stopped at a tavern, and ordered supper, intending to stay for the night. During the meal other parties arrived, and father overheard

them mention the same piece of land he had selected, as their selection, so father and his brother pushed on to Monroe and were ready at the opening of the office next morning to make a purchase. Very soon the other parties arrived, and found on calling for their choice, "It has just been taken."

Returning, a log cabin was speedily erected, and the last of June found us in a pioneer home with just roof enough to cover a bed in one corner, no doors or windows, and a little floor for the table. Blankets were hung in the doorways and window spaces. I was then a lad of six years, and began the study of the primeval forests and drank lightly of nature's beauties. After a few weeks father and mother planned a visit to my Uncle Jacob, three miles away, so on Seventhday morning, Buck and Bright were hitched to the big wagon, and we all embarked thither to remain till Sabbath evening. On returning about dark, as we entered the cabin, appearances gave proof that some intruding had been going on. After close examination mother discovered the intruders were two pigs which had broken out of the pole pen and had selected the trundle bed for their night's lodging, so Henry and myself sought rest elsewhere. Only an episode in a boy's young life. These were days when nature's songsters, a vast number were trying the acoustic

qualities of the green arches of the dense wildwood, and my childish ears pronounced them perfect. A study of the wild plants of the forest, to learn their names and properties, was a delightful task. I learned to designate by their varied foliage so that I could readily point out cranesbill, oxbalm, rattlesnake root, groundnut, goldenseal, lobelia, vervain, sweet cicely, black, white and blue cohosh, putty root, Indian turnip, wild leek and onions, spikenard, ginseng, mandrake, nerve root and Virginian snake root, all these from the Master hand; also the minnows in the rivulet were flitting, shining gems, all these in my life causing much thought and real admiration. I loved the forest wild then, and their charms linger yet, "For the groves are God's first temples," and to hie thereto now, brings vivid memories of many happy days.

In the autumn of 1833, father had cleared about three acres of the dense forest, and sowed it to wheat, and one morning about the middle of November, father, rising early, discovered a very peculiar phenomenon, a meteoric shower, or "falling stars." For three hours there was a continuous descent of flakes of light, and the scene was enchanting beyond description, as these came within the little open space in the forest, and vanished as they touched the ground. I was called to witness it and the grandeur

of the picture remains indelibly fixed in my memory to this day.

Pioneer life, even for a boy, has its supreme advantages over the corner store of the present times, where many of the boys spend their evenings, in impure conversation or in games of chance. Unselfishness was the predominating virtue of those blessed days. How real those expressive words, found in the Old English Reader of, "Felling Trees in the Wood."

"Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest, hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thicket brown;
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down."

CHAPTER III

MY FATHER was now thirty-four years of age, and mother six years younger, and to rear a family in those days was no idle dream. It required untiring devotion, and a large measure of perseverance and economy. There were added to those three already named, two sons, and three daughters, viz.: Israel H., Joseph D., Mary, Sarah Jane and Esther.

My mother was a godly woman, often giving public testimony to personal salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, and had a lovely gift of exhortation. Her life was bound up in her children; her highest thought was that they might develop a Christian character, worthy of the name. It was not until I was more than forty years old that I learned that when I was only three weeks old she consecrated me to the Lord to be a minister of the Gospel. One Sabbath, after preaching from the text, "It is Finished," after the meeting closed, I was requested to repair to the vestibule, when a lady said to me, "When you were an infant I was your mother's nurse, and I thought it would encourage you to know of her consecration of her first-born son."

Surely, even now, after forty years of Gospel service, mother's ideal and God's faithfulness in bottling up that consecration, for exactly thirty-six years, till her son found the Saviour and made a like consecration, comes with constant thanksgiving, though mother, like Mary, the mother of Jesus, kept this in her heart and pondered it and thought it wise to withhold it from me, and went to her reward ere her ideal was realized. As I run over the years, and now discern the very many evidences of prayerful training and patient waiting, I can see she was constantly aiming to throw around me influences and examples best calculated to answer the deep-seated desire of her mother heart, to lead in that direction.

My father, an elder in the church, not so spiritual, (I never heard him pray or give public testimony) was exceedingly anxious to lead me in habits of industry and economy, so necessary in pioneer life, and as soon as I was strong enough, I was put to work with some simple implements, such as an ax and hammer, saw and ox-goad, the necessary adjuncts to subdue the forests.

My first attendance of school in Michigan was in the autumn of 1833, at a neighbor's, a half-mile away, in one part of their log cabin. My teacher was Lydia Hoxie, and I being of the tribe of Benjamin (left-handed), she allowed me to endeavor to

write with my left hand, which my next teacher forbade, a thing hard to unlearn. The New Testament was our reading book. The following winter I went to my Uncle Jacob's, three miles away, to board and attend school. The teacher (Mr. Steere) announced at the opening of the term that whoever would lead off head the most times each week would receive as a reward a nice primer. A school-week was six days then. I at once resolved those primers should be mine, and won every Saturday night. Pretty hard on the other members of the class, but I could not afford to be behind. Twelve prizes at the end.

From the time I was twelve years old I had only the winters for school. Father said to me one Monday morning, "If thee will learn the multiplication table completely this week, I will give thee twenty-five cents." I immediately set to work for the prize, and by Saturday could give backward or forward or promiscuously, the correct products, and the bill was paid. Unlike many, I did not have to turn to the tables when solving under that rule, afterward mathematics being my forte.

The district school was unsatisfactory, and soon father secured a teacher, who was a Friend, and opened a select school in the old log cabin, which was vacated at the completion of a goodly frame building. For several terms about twenty of the

neighbor's children and our family made up a good attendance, with Maria and Lucinda Hoag as teachers. Later, father built a school building at his own expense, and continued the school until I was eighteen years of age. A Friends school having been opened in a part of the meeting house at Tecumseh, father secured a boarding place for me, and for four months, without the loss of a day, I was a diligent student under a noble Christian instructor, Martin M. Thorne. This was in the winter of 1845-46. I made rapid progress so that the next winter I taught my first school at twelve dollars per month. At the close, I persuaded my parents to let me attend what was then called "The Graham School," (afterward Raisin Institute) an institution of high grade, under the auspices of that noted Christian heroine "Aunt" Laura Haviland.

The principal, a Congregational minister, John Patchen, was a noteworthy instructor, who urged me to take a college course. Here I had the privilege of the morning devotion and the weekly prayer-meeting. There I closed my school days, and going back to the farm, joined father in the farmer's toil in the summer, and taught school in the winter. During this period I was elected township school inspector by the "Know Nothing Party," and the name and the candidate fitted well together. This

experience was a good discipline in the study of human nature.

I was yet without a Christian experience. The parental home was such as to heighten my attachment for it. The menu was hard to excel, the government firm and fair, companionship mutual. No daily family altar, literature commendable and chaste.

As I trace further the Christian discipline of that devoted self-sacrificing home, my readers must be patient till I reach the pivotal epoch that wrought a complete and radical change in my life work.

CHAPTER IV

HAVING traced the secular side of my life up to my majority, I now more in detail aim to picture the things that were of great gain, to me on the side of religious training and discipline.

At the age of six I began the attendance of Friends meetings in a log shanty, 12 x 16, erected by Sylvanus Westgate, one and a half miles from my present residence, a rustic edifice, where God was honored and worshipped. The pews were slabs from the denizens of the forest, and improvised with legs. These were like cushioned seats to the true worshipper, feeling that he was in the vestibule of Heaven, near the palace of the King eternal, invisible.

Raisin Preparative Meeting was a transplanted body of believers from Royalton, Niagara County, New York, an organized part of Farmington Quarterly Meeting, New York Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends who migrated en masse from their homeland, with their Preparative Meeting records, in 1832 to 1834, and like squatter sovereigns found their land of promise.

The old mathematical rule of Permutation had its essence here. Bowerman, Haviland, Westgate, were the changes rung on the forest winds, north, south, east and west. That is to say, nine-tenths of the membership had for surname, Westgate, Haviland, Bowerman, back and forth, up and down, inside and outside. In fact they had intermarried until it was to all a puzzle to determine their exact kinship.

Their families were large, but to meeting they must go twice a week as a matter of conscience, and then when a "traveling Friend" came and had an appointment, the whole neighborhood was notified by a messenger, inviting all. I well remember when that worthy herald of the Gospel, Christopher Healy, of Pennsylvania, arrived, clad in knee breeches, and a soft broadbrim hat, somewhat in appearance like a clown. A half-finished barn was secured for a meeting, to which a large audience gathered. I saw him mount a dry goods box and pour out an hour's message with holy unction to the wonder of all.

Congregation swelled and larger quarters were builded for school and meeting. Infants' cries and chatter were a conspicuous part, silence led and prayer and preaching the exception. Morality prevailed with occasional revelations of depravity, a contagious disease of the soul, even though reared under benign influences.

We were a common people, having John White and Charles Haviland as our recorded ministers. The former was subject to epileptic fits; he never had them during the meeting hour, but often soon after the close. After a few years, Ansel Roberts, a minister, came from New York, and settled in our limits. He was a tall man, with a glowing countenance, cheerful disposition, abreast of his time, a pleasant speaker, kind to the young, with drawing power, and was made a peculiar blessing to the church. To manifest their deep desire that I should be a Friend, father went to the hatter and had my measure taken for a new hat, manufactured to order. When the finished product came out I beheld a white, long fur, broadbrim of the pristine ideal, the adornment of a youth of twelve years. And to harmonize therewith, mother spun and wove a fabric and passed it on to the fuller and then to the tailor, and out came a fine straight-collared coat in brown color, fit for life. Inside this and under such a cover I seemed like a flea under an umbrella. I had no relish for it, and my heart rebelled. My parents saw it, and in their kindness did not persist in a long use of them. In relating this incident, I would cast no unkind reflections on their sacred memory or motives.

In those days there were no Sabbath Schools for the study of the Scriptures, no organized method of Bible Study. Mother had especial delight in having me read from the Blessed Book while rushed in the household duties. There were in the New Testament two names sweeter than all others, viz.: Christ Jesus. Ecclesiastics, twelfth chapter, became a favorite in my youthful life, and the proverbs were cherished as words fitly spoken, like apples of gold in pictures of silver, freighted with lasting benefit to me; also the parts of the Apochraphy such as the wisdom of Solomon and the song of the three Hebrew children out of the furnace, were the delight of my mind.

When about fifteen years of age our dear friend, Ansel Rogers, opened a Scripture school in our meeting house. The first lesson of the third chapter of Matthew was selected to be committed to memory and recited the next Firstday. At the appointed time I was able to give it verbatim, from beginning to end. I was naturally a timid boy, often failing in trying to give a declamation, but in my lesson my motto was to excel, and seldom grieved my instructors.

I loved teaching, and to impart knowledge to children was my delight, and even yet the little ones are the glory and joy of my heart. With these environ-

ments I had come to the estate of manhood without profanity, hated the use of slang phrases, shunned the vile and the frivolous, and revered the good.

To an over-ruling Providence in extreme danger and very close perils I owe a debt of increasing gratitude for these years of my minority for His good hand upon me, and the real fact that out from that same hearthstone went three brothers and four sisters to lead a Christian life, three of whom are reaping their reward. Thus with a father's untiring energy and a mother's constant watchfulness, I neared my majority, with a keen sense of right and wrong, up to a good degree of moral integrity. I had a deep-seated desire to gain a livelihood and to develop laudably a character worthy of my training, and that might give me a reputation among my associates that would win their applause.

I had sat under the ministry of very many of our noteworthy Friends, such as Daniel Smith, David Harkness, Elijah Brownell, John Underwood, Eliza Brewer, Mary Thomas, John Pease, Benjamin Sebohem, Robert Lindsay, David Bennett, John Henry Douglass and many others, but was yet void of a Christian experience. A thousand times under conviction of the lack of the one thing most needful, a change of heart, and safe shelter in the blood of the covenant, but with no definite step for it.

There was no wilful, hard unbelief, and again and again these words commended themselves to me :

“Be a Christian, naught is higher
In the gilded list of fame.
In the catalogue of virtue,
Not a higher, holier name.”

CHAPTER V

HAVING reached man's estate, my parents being solicitous that I should pursue such a course in life as would insure a business for a livelihood, and having been held to the farm which I had learned to love, porposed on my twenty-first birthday to give me forty acres of land, unimproved, nearly twenty miles distant, outside of a Friends settlement. This was not altogether after my liking. After further consideration, it was fixed for me to buy forty acres off the homestead, which had a small improvement, but no buildings. I was still to remain at home in the service of my father at eight dollars per month, exclusive of the cost of apparel, my wages to apply on the purchase price of the land, which was two hundrd dollars over and above what the other was appraised at. During the summer of my twenty-second year, I served in this capacity with entire satisfaction, teaching the following winter.

In the spring of my twenty-third year I hired to George Crane to serve on his farm for eight months at twelve dollars per month. My employer was a

noted Friend who came from near Palmyra, New York, at the same time we did, crossing Lake Erie on the same steamer, and settled about three miles from us.

In this hospitable, well-to-do home, I greatly enjoyed those months of service, declining to receive any part of my wages until the term of service had expired. This enabled me to cancel my indebtedness for my land. During that autumn, 1849, October 2, my dear, sainted mother passed to her reward, aged forty-nine years, one month and fourteen days.

The central figure in the home circle had left for the better country, that is the Heavenly, having embraced the promises and endured unto the end. During the summer of 1848, while serving my father, mother's health was declining, and I remember well on a certain beautiful, sunny day we had a visit from two young ladies, Phila A. and Lydia Colvin, whose father, Isaac Colvin, had recently settled in our neighborhood. Toward evening a prolific shower made it too moist for these ladies to walk home, and when night was approaching, father suggested that I hitch to the carriage and conduct them home. This was my first introduction to Phila A. Colvin, who, in less than two years, became my wife.

George Crane and Charity, his wife, were her grandparents, leading Friends in Adrian Quarterly

Meeting, with a Friends meeting house on their farm. While serving at that home I began paying particular attention to Phila. I shall never forget as I came in one Firstday evening with a brimming pail of milk, "Aunt Charity" said, "Jacob, thee's a good milker. I want thee to know we are well pleased because of thy attention to Phila."

Winter found me teaching again in the home district. On the 15th of January, 1851, my father married his second wife, a widow with seven children, whose farm adjoined mine, bringing the two families together, and for the remainder of my school term there were fifteen, including teacher, went from that home circle with a large, well-filled basket to meet the keen demands of appetite. One day a Friend minister, while visiting families, tarried a night with us, and in the family sitting he remarked: "I do not see why you may not be a numerous, happy family." My step-mother's name was Eunice Wooster, her maiden name Bowerman. This marriage was solemnized after Friends order in the old meeting house at Raisin Center, in the presence of a large congregation. To this transaction my lady accompanied me. Soon after I timidly asked her father what he thought about my choice of Phila. He replied: "When you invited her to join you in a Fourth of July ride, I told her to secure you." Suffice it to

say that May 8, 1851, two days before my twenty-fourth birthday, she and I joined right hands in her own home before many witnesses, and James V. Watson, a Methodist Episcopal pastor of Adrian City, performed the ceremony that legally made us husband and wife. Here let me say, this was no friction match, but void of brimstone or regret or need of judge to divorce. To all my young readers let me kindly advise that to seek a life companion in purest motives, is most peculiarly honorable and ought not to be treated as a pastime. For two lives to blend together in unison is the highest privilege in earthly companionship. A true wife is a possession of vast significance, while the opposite is a dead weight, with tons of confusion and irritability. A candidate for matrimony of either sex has need of great care in the attachments they make and the choice of associations.

After fifty-nine years of unbroken married life, I am able to thank God for a helpmate in all the perplexities by the way, and value unceasingly the true, hearty devotion of my faithful wife. Previous to my wedding day I had engaged to work on shares the 100-acre farm of Calvin Crane, an uncle of my wife. A few days after our marriage I yoked my coal-black, four-year-old oxen, hitched them to the big wagon, took in a few of our household necessi-

ties, and wife and I went out from her pleasant home to make a new one, an untried experience, and as I observed her moistened eyes, there rushed, perforce, the immense meaning of the consecration covered by the marriage vow to be mutually shared. The next two years were toilsome but measurably successful, and by teaching each winter I realized a net gain of five hundred dollars, which I invested in forty acres adjoining that mentioned above. My wife and I were birthright Friends, and having been married by a minister contrary to discipline, some action became necessary to set the matter right, so the overseers simply asked us if we wished to remain members of Friends. We replied in the affirmative and they so reported, which was satisfactory. This was in the transition era.

We now planned to build a cottage on our own real estate, and October 1, 1853, found us domiciled under our own roof, where for ten years we shared the blessings and testings of covenant life. There came three children, viz.: Clara Eliza, Florence Ellen and George Howard, an earthly heritage which only a Divine mind could measure. George H. died of cholera infantum, September 22, 1863, aged two years and ten days. My wife's grandmother was buried the same day. Myself and daughter, Florence were near death's door at the

same time, but God in His mercy restored us to life and health and made us also realize that our life work was not finished.

“When all Thy mercies, oh my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I’m lost
In wonder, love and praise.”

CHAPTER VI

BEING now settled in our own home, and greatly desirous to subdue and cultivate that which we were in possession of, with persevering industry woven into our being, and willing to plod through the constant and united labor of an agricultural occupation, for twelve consecutive years, this was the uppermost ambition.

When children came, great thoughts forced themselves upon us. My wife, like myself, had held sway over other people's children, but now here were our very own, God given, to be trained for Him, which was calculated to test the best mettle in us. Here we began to discover our weakness and lack of inner energy, and requisite resource for the Herculean task. These were years of anxiety, and neglect of the one thing needful, the birth from above, especially with regard to myself. My wife was reared under the self-sacrificing devotion of a Christian mother, aside from Friends settlement, in a field occupied by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had found Jesus in her teens, being a quiet, trustful believer, and when finally I said one New Year's morning, "I have been thinking we ought to

take up daily Bible reading," she answered promptly, "So have I."

We at once commenced that most commendable practice, but with me it was yet a matter of form.

These years found me developing the leaven of covetousness, so that in the spring of 1861, after the breaking out of the Civil War, I purchased a half interest in a steam sawmill, three-fourths of a mile distant, involving an indebtedness of one thousand dollars. This required increased push and hard labor. Two years later I took stock in a cheese factory, and was elected superintendent. I was now handling large amounts of money, often working eighteen hours a day. In addition to all this, I purchased another forty acres of land, adjoining the mill, mortgaging the old home. In the midst of all this, I went to meeting on Firstday morning, May 31, 1863, and my cousin, Lydia B. Wilson, a very dear, devoted minister, spoke the message of salvation, in tears and simplicity, with a winning spirit, which I did not let go. All the remainder of that day, there was great unrest within me. On the following day, as I purposed to care for my corn, I found myself wandering about in the forest, and on reaching the base of a giant oak, my knees smote together; heart-broken, a flood of tears came, accompanied with a penitent vocal prayer, "God be

merciful to me a sinner, and forgive my sins for Jesus' sake." An instantaneous change came, certified to by the Holy Spirit, and there I made covenant to follow Jesus, whatever it might cost.

June 1, 1863, at the age of thirty-six years and twenty-one days, at 9:30 a.m., I was born again. Hundreds would have called me a Christian before, but now I knew for myself. I had, ere this, taught in the Scripture schools and served my Monthly Meeting as clerk for a number of years. I had now come to a tremendous fact, not to be undermined by any sophistry of Satan. It harmonized with Scripture. Accompanied with the consciousness of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, I had sought definitely, believed definitely, received definitely, was definitely adopted into the family of God, and could by the Spirit say, definitely, "My Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name." I now knew definitely, I had a personal Saviour in Christ Jesus my Lord. Here I most emphatically declare that such a radical change is absolutely necessary over and above the best religious training, the home, school, or church can give, for it is a personal revelation by the Spirit of God to the inner consciousness, of acceptance in the Beloved. My reader, you can not be too definite in seeking and finding Christ. It must not be guessed at.

With this unmistakable change came the conscious call to the ministry, accompanied with the fact of personal inability. My public service for five years was largely on my knees, in vocal prayer in the congregation, yet often, when alone, I found myself mentally addressing the people. I had three miles to travel on foot and return daily, while teaching, yet oftentimes, I was lost to surroundings amid the overwhelming interest of mentally delivering messages to fancied auditors.

In the spring of 1865, in the rush of business, I broke ground for the erection of my present dwelling house, still retaining my interest in the mill, constantly and personally delivering lumber to the city by wagon, often making twelve trips a week, twelve miles each trip; besides the oversight of two farms, a little later superintendent and salesman of a cheese factory, receiving daily the milk of five hundred cows. In all this rush, there was ringing in my ears like the sound of many waters, "Preach the Gospel." Our dwelling was completed for us to occupy the first of July. With all this I became fully convinced that the Lord had a better service for me, and humanity; so I said to my wife one day, "I believe I ought to unload, and I think the first move is to sell the first farm of eighty acres," and I offered it for sale for \$5,000. I soon had a purchaser, who

could pay full purchase price in two months, and the contract was signed accordingly. Before the time had expired, there came a financial panic and banks refused to pay their depositors. My purchaser came and said, "I can not take your farm." On consultation, I said to him, "I do business with your banker; let us go together and interview him." This we did, making an open statement of the whole matter with my personal liabilities which I must fail to meet if this contract failed. He answered, "While we are not for the present paying depositors, you may have the money," and the good hand of God was upon us. Next; the mill and stock were disposed of, and this left me with forty acres of land, on which was my residence and the cheese factory. My sales of cheese took me from place to place, and often gave me the privilege for personal Christian work. My reason for this detail is to show what grace wrought in and for me as I moved under the conscious fact that it was God's will that I should preach the Gospel. My purposes were changed, and in the very beginning of my public service I knew He had made me His choice. I was entirely saved from any anxious desire for promotion, by the church, thank God. I was sure He must do the promoting.

With these burning convictions, I pressed forward, did not confer with flesh and blood, and one

day, after having given a burning message, at the dismissal of the meeting, Moses Bowerman, a live, sweet elder, very kindly said, "Jacob, some of us begin to feel as though the church ought to recognize thy gift in the ministry, but all are not ready. Be faithful to thy calling." My quick reply was, "That is not engaging my thought. It is foreign to God's call." Forced to follow my unvarying convictions, the reigning and ringing sentiment of this period of my experience was in complete harmony with the following:

"Straight is the gate, and narrow is the road,
Brother, for you there is no other mode;
If you want to make Heaven your future abode,
You must unload, you must unload."

CHAPTER VII

FROM 1863 to 1870, my Christian work was confined within the limits of Adrian Quarterly Meeting, then composed of the following meetings, viz.: Raisin, Adrian, Tecumseh, Palmyra, Rollin, Woodstock, Hanover and Ypsilanti. In company with some recorded ministers, I often attended these and visited the families composing them.

It was at the morning devotion at a Friend's house at Ypsilanti, Michigan, that an overwhelming revelation came to me that I should, on returning to my home meeting, magnify the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross. In response to this I immediately obeyed, and my messages had for their central fact the redemption of the soul by the one offering made for sin forever.

Strange as it may appear, many in my home church were not prepared to receive it. A faithful few stood by me. One Sabbath morning I entered the church with my Bible under my arm, and laid it on the desk before me. The reading of the Scriptures in the devotional services had never been known in our meeting. I had not expected to use

it till in the Sabbath School that was to follow. Soon I felt I ought to speak from a text of Scripture that I feared I could not quote correctly. With this conviction, in order not to offend, I said, "Friends, there is a text of Scripture that I feel the Lord would have me use, and I fear I can not quote it correctly. I would like the privilege of opening my Bible and reading it." In reply, Mary P. Jones, a minister, and dear mother in Israel, said, "I think thee better proceed as thee thinks best." This was confirmed at once by the hearty accord of Moses Bowerman, an elder. My liberty in using it was unusual, as acknowledged by many.

Near this time our two daughters, Clara and Florence, had learned to sing fairly well, and we were to have a Sunday School conference at the church on Sabbath afternoon, when the girls asked (before leaving home) if they might sing. I said, "Yes, if you find a proper place for it." This they did. This was by some declared to be an innovation, and a meeting was called to forestall any repetition of such a procedure. My father, who was then the head of the meeting, being grieved, opened the subject. It was stated, in reply to him, that when Jesus and His disciples had partaken of the Passover supper, "they sang a hymn and went out into the Mount of Olives." Father replied, "That was not audible

singing." Immediately a minister's daughter turned to Acts 16:25 and read, "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them," adding that that must have been audible singing. The result of this conference was liberty of song under the leading of the Holy Spirit. Thus by mildness and brotherly kindness the freedom of real, spiritual worship was winning its way.

The first great breaking out of a real revival was during the spring of 1870, in a series of meetings led by Amos Kenworthy. Many who, morally speaking, were devoted to punctuality in business and attendance of meeting, found Jesus as a personal Saviour, coming out of dead formality into a living experience. One instance is worthy of notice. Libni Kelley, over seventy years of age, a Friend by birth-right, a strict attender of both Sabbath and week-day meetings for over forty years, a user of tobacco, was soundly converted, and made this open confession as to his former condition: "Friends, I must disclose the manner of my thoughts during the past of my attendance of this meeting. You know I invented a rat trap that was always set, and always sprung. I also invented an instrument to catch hogs, and obtained a patent on them. I also built a steam sawmill in your midst. All these I planned

during the hours I have spent in our meetings." From this time it was his constant delight to praise God for the miracle of grace wrought in him, and with a lengthened life to ninety years he was an active example of a humble follower of his Saviour, and was gathered ripe for the harvest.

I was recorded a minister by Raisin Monthly Meeting, April 8, 1872. I had before this in a General Meeting called my wife and one daughter (the other being absent) to stand by my side before the congregation for our consecration. I remarked, "We are a family of five, one of whom is in Heaven, we now give ourselves in entire consecration to God for His services so long as we shall live." Under the preaching of David B. Updegraff from the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" I received very definitely the baptism with the Holy Ghost while the message was being delivered. It brought a victory I had never known before. This was seven years and five months after my conversion.

I now realized more fully the calling from above to minister of the things of God for winning souls. I now, with the Spirit's help, began searching the Scripture for the deep things of God, proving that the entrance of the Word of God giveth light, so that the earnest study of my Bible revealed a mine of

spiritual wealth, ready for use. The Old will and Testament bristled with the wisdom that is pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits without partiality and without hypocrisy. Oh what stupendous significance in the type and shadow of good things to come, the very pattern of heavenly things and the prophecies became luminous with the historic Christ than which there is none other. My message drew from the Old and New will of God, and under the searchlight of Divine inspiration, traced the lines between sin and salvation, and I became fixed in my purpose to declare that God loved righteousness and hated iniquity, that the wicked should be turned into hell (a place) and all the nations that forget God, and the redeemed housed in Heaven (a place). It is no Gospel that rejects any portion of the sacred Scripture, or denies the virgin birth or Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Satan would have us despise Doctrine and exalt unbelief. Shame upon any self-exalted egotist among Friends who would expunge the doctrine of substitution or mediation of the Divine plan as repeated in the Christians' Text Book. Visible results became apparent; conversions followed, even among those in my own employ.

In the autumn of 1872, I obtained my first credentials to attend three Quarterly Meetings in Indi-

ana, and the meetings composing them, viz.: Wabash, Mississinewa and Back Creek, Grant County, with wife as my companion, which was as a training school for a novice. Wabash Meeting, lacking sufficient spiritual life, was the first to greet us and hear as from above the message of God's errand boy. Mississinewa, now Marion, was a new meeting, just organized, and had greater liberty and life. Here we first met Levi Jessup, one of the Lord's heralds, and the Overmans. In that congregation was an elder, very deaf, whose name was Small, whose son reported the message on a slate as it was delivered. I think he was instantly killed years after, being struck by a fast train.

Back Creek, now Fairmount, held near Jonesboro, was a large gathering with much freedom. Here we met for the first time that dear man of God, William Allen (colored). Oh, what power in prayer. He was not yet a member of Friends but came in soon after, and became an efficient minister, as many will recall. I can not recall all the particular meetings, but will name a few which we attended, viz.: Wabash, Union, LaPorte, Jonesboro, Deer Creek, Oak Grove, Walnut Center, Amboy, Fairmount, Little Ridge, etc., then on to Richmond to attend Indiana Yearly Meeting, which was held in the old gloomy house, near the present railroad station.

There was a lack of light and a constant noise from the engines continually passing, which was out of harmony with the purpose of such a gathering. The meeting was large and full of spiritual life, as the result of the great revival wave that manifested itself in that city and elsewhere, especially among Friends. I well remember that trophy of the Wilmington (Ohio) revival conducted by J. H. Douglas and D. B. Updegraff, Judge Azariah Doan. During the session of that meeting he made a most earnest and effectual plea for the necessity of a new Yearly Meeting house. A few days ago I met him again at Wilmington, ripe in years and rich in experience. After years of separation we were somewhat surprised to meet "Aunt" Laura Haviland in attendance of the annual conference. On expressing our pleasure of meeting her again, she said to my wife, "I belong here for I said a long time ago, when I found a denomination half Friend and half Methodist I would join it. I have found it here." She had left Friends and joined the Wesleyan Methodist and had returned. Such were the old-time victories of the preaching of the one gospel founded on the word of God.

To all my younger Friends in the Bible Training Schools beware of the side shows and enticements of vain philosophy which rest in the head and are

void of heart experience. Theory is empty, reason speculation, inner light a false philosophy, sin a crime against God almighty. Salvation through the blood is a stupendous reality.

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word,
What more can He say than to you He hath said?
Ye who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?”

CHAPTER VIII

IN 1853, the Colvin home was broken up, and two of the family, a son, Hervey A., and a daughter, Delora O. Colvin, were taken into our family, and cared for as best we could. Hervey, a bright boy of twelve, remained with us till he was eighteen years of age. Then, at his request, I secured him a position in a leading grocery in the city. He soon became a partner in the business, prospering rapidly. He was soon selected as cashier in a leading banking firm. He enlisted as a private in the Civil War, served three years, was wounded in the battle of Nashville, and was honorably discharged after having been promoted to the rank of captain. He developed rare business faculties, married Mary L. Stebbins, of Adrian City, to whom two sons were born, viz.: Will and Hervey, and died in March, 1885. Delora, the sister, secured a good education at Raisin Valley Seminary and the State Normal School, Ypsilanti and became a very successful teacher and a devoted Christian lady, married my youngest brother, Joseph, filled a wife and mother's position most nobly, and died in 1908.

Always a tetotaler, I now, in 1872, broke from old party lines and lined up with three others in Raisin township in opposition to the licensed liquor saloon, feeling keenly its awful work, in near contact with it, and its universal havoc on home, happiness and human life.

In my service as a minister of the Gospel, I became satisfied that clean hands and a pure heart demanded honest effort for its overthrow, and this has been my settled purpose both from platform and pulpit, as well as personal protest. Thank God for a conscience uncondemned, which is a mighty force in an upright life.

Adrian Quarterly Meeting, consisting of about eight hundred members of New York Yearly Meeting, which was always held in the City of New York, soon after the Civil War began to realize the need of finding some nearer point for yearly meeting privileges. There being a move in northern Indiana for a new Yearly Meeting, composed of Wabash, Northern, Kokomo, New London, and, perhaps, one or two others, we were invited to join them, and a committee met with like committees of the other meetings to discuss the situation. This project failed, and then, when Canada Half Year's Meeting was to become a Yearly Meeting, set off from new York Yearly Meeting, we were invited

there, and the matter was put into the hands of a committee which consisted of the following persons, viz.: Jeremiah Westgate, Elizabeth Comstock, Richard Williams, Jacob Baker and Phila A. Baker. These attended the opening of that meeting. There was a large number of delegates from all the American Yearly Meetings in attendance, and the gathering was marked with much life and the power of the Spirit. They were a small, conservative body, but devoted to the work. During its sessions, July 1 was Dominion Day, when Canada East and Canada West became one province. The day was celebrated with a martial display. Elizabeth Comstock, and the wife of Robert Lyndley Murray felt that a meeting in the ballroom of the hotel might be a means of blessing to the soldiery, and in order to arrest their attention the two daughters of R. L. Murray sang from the porch of the hotel, and then the people were asked to repair to the ballroom, where there would be given the Gospel message. The meeting proved a success. Next day concerned women Friends made a very strong protest against such an innovation, but after much discussion they dropped the matter and turned to regular business.

At this time the United States Government had not resumed specie payment, and a discount of thirty per cent. was exacted by the British Government,

and as the baggage was overhauled at the custom house, and also a large share of the membership of Canada Yearly Meeting were of foreign birth, and not likely to easily affiliate with the descendants of Yankee New England, the committee did not feel warranted in reporting favorably on uniting with them.

In turning homeward we had the company of David B. Morgan, a delegate from Tennessee. Stopping July 4th at Niagara Falls to take in a personal view of the wonder of the world, D. B. Morgan accompanied us to our home and preached on the Sabbath. During our trip across Lake Ontario I found him smoking a cigar. I met him afterward at New Sharon, Iowa, acting as chaplain at a Masonic funeral, he having been deposed from the ministry. The close of his life was unsatisfactory. A sad lesson of immense warning.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE year 1865, Ohio Yearly Meeting adjourned to meet the next year at Damascus, Ohio, for the first time.

Having failed to find a favorable opening for Adrian Quarterly Meeting, to join Canada, we now turned our thoughts toward Ohio. A delegation was appointed, of which myself and wife were a part, to attend Ohio Yearly Meeting at Damascus, in 1866, and report their judgment as to the desirability of taking steps to become incorporated into that body.

The delegation attended it, and were unanimously in favor of such a procedure. The Quarterly Meeting accepting the report, request was made of New York Yearly Meeting to become a part of Ohio Yearly Meeting, which resulted in the practical reality in 1869. In 1870 we were regularly represented by delegates representing about eight hundred members. Having found a congenial home, with that body for the last forty years, we have become endeared to each other in fellowship, in essential doctrine, and wholesome discipline, and while we have

had our testing, it stands at the forefront in evangelistic effort, and Foreign Missionary work, and we need no New Theology.

Being one of the trophies of the great revival wave of the sixties, and fully in accord with the spirit of evangelism, I began early to enlist in revival movements. My first series of meetings was held, in company with Sarah J. Strang, my cousin, at Alum Creek, Morrow County, Ohio, in the winter of 1872-73, continuing three weeks, in which many souls were converted, reclaimed and sanctified. One evening, while preaching upon the healing of Naaman, the leper, after getting well into the subject, suddenly I became greatly impressed to halt, and say, "I feel I ought to stop and invite some of the young men of this congregation, whom I perceive are under deep conviction, to come forward to an altar of prayer.

Immediately one of the brightest of the neighborhood came, followed by a second, while a third, who was seated next to the wall, with his lantern between his feet, on being invited by name, came with great haste. These all prayed through. The last of these three, at once engaged in revival work, and in one month had been used in the conversion of eighty souls, and was soon recorded a minister.

The first of the three was soon appointed to the

station of an elder, and afterward gave me the privilege of officiating at his marriage to a very precious Christian young lady. During this series of meetings, while I was working at the altar, a young man, while I was talking with him, fell into my lap in great agony of spirit, and with loud, vehement prayer cried till light came and revealed a personal Saviour, exclaiming, "He is coming! He is coming!"

In the autumn of 1873 I obtained for myself and wife a minute to attend North Carolina Yearly Meeting and as many of the meetings composing it, as way opened for. We planned to join an excursion at Cincinnati, under the oversight of Addison Hadley, of Indiana. We missed connections at that place, but the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad agent gave us excursion rates, and we arrived at New Garden near sunset, just as the first session of the Meeting of Ministers and Elders closed. Here we met Allen Jay for the first time, having in his hand a fine sample of unripe persimmons. He bade me, with a twinkle in his eye, select and eat, stating that they were very good for preachers, and experience soon revealed their choke cherry qualities. A minister, who had to be moved in a wheel chair, whose name was Hunt (I do not recall his first name), from Ohio, had requested a meeting that evening among

the students of the Boarding School, and as soon as he met me said, "I feel that the service of that evening would fall upon thee, as I have no special message."

I responded to this suggestion, gave the message, and at once a very bright young lady surrendered to Jesus for the forgiveness of sin, and was happily converted and was filled with laughter, exclaiming again and again, "Oh I am so happy! Oh I am so happy!"

North Carolina Yearly Meeting was but just rallying from the great suffering incident to the Civil War, and with a goodly representation of the ministers of the northern states, was gathering new inspiration, and fresh courage, and the benefactions of the Baltimore Friends and others were beginning to cause them to look up.

My wife and myself visited all the meetings east of the mountains, many of them under the escort of dear Isham Cox, until we reached Rich Square, and were right royally entertained at Elisha Copeland's, to the measure of their ability.

Henry Outland and Benjamin Brown were then young in the ministry and had my sympathy, and it was with sadness that I learned, years afterward, they had been caught in the seditious teaching of so-called "Inward Light" in the soul of every man,

which is contrary to the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, who came to seek and to save that which was lost. No wonder such conceptions of a fallen race should add to blindness and schism.

A fifty mile journey in those November days, across the country to Belvidere, taking our lunch under the trees, was enjoyed, also the ferry at Winston. Belvidere, the most eastern point of the state, was the home of the Whites and Nicholsons. Eastern Quarterly Meeting was large and much spiritual life was manifest. My theme on Sabbath morning was the new birth, before a large and appreciative audience. At the noon hour a gentleman accosted me, saying, "You Friends would be all right, if you baptized with water." I replied we were much like the Indian, who, when urged to be baptized with water said, "No good; Indian's sin inside." I never found a more hungry people than North Carolina Friends were at that time, nor a more kind and hospitable brotherhood, up to the measure of their ability. They seemed to feel that warm biscuits must meet the appetite of us from the North, at every meal, and not until we reached Springfield did we fail to find that as part of the meal. Allen Jay's wife, from personal experience, divined that we would need bread after six weeks without change.

After making the rounds of North Carolina Friends meetings, we left Cane Creek one bright December morning in one of those old covered wagons, behind a matched span of large mules, for Company Shops, eighteen miles, and reached our destination about 4:00 p. m., and took the train for Richmond, Virginia, December 26, where we remained over Sabbath. We attended Friends meeting in the morning, a funeral of a child of Dr. Hawkes in the afternoon, and had a meeting at a colored Baptist church in the evening, the audience being estimated at 800. We had visited the meetings at Somerville and the meeting near John Pretlow's, and had an appointment in Franklin in the Baptist church. On December 29 we took the train for Washington, D. C., stopping a few days with an old acquaintance, attended the reception of U. S. Grant on New Year's day, shaking hands with the chief magistrate of our great Republic, visited the national capitol, climbed to the dome, sat under the Goddess of Liberty, and thanked God for His preservation and care. From Washington we came direct home. Starting with the proper credentials from Adrian Quarterly Meeting, the committee to see that I was suitably provided for, no doubt concluded that a devoted wife was a sufficient equipment, so gathering what funds I could I hired \$50.00

from the bank to supply my lack, and when the service was concluded I found the bill rounded up at \$250.00, paid for the privilege of proclaiming the Gospel to another people worthy of the name of Friends.

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

CHAPTER X

ONE of the most fruitful efforts in revival work in the earlier period of my ministry, was at Hanover, Jackson County, Michigan, in the autumn of 1875. Two or three families of Friends had settled in that village of 600 habitants, among them a dear Christian, Mary Bowerman, a Friend minister, who had opened her home for prayer meeting and Sabbath service, and under the blessing of God had gathered a nucleus of devoted disciples who had succeeded in erecting a house of worship and in organizing an indulged meeting.

Associated with Alfred H. Bartlett, a very dear and humble servant of God, we entered into close fellowship for the conquest of souls, finding conditions ripe for such a work. Soon the whole community was stirred, and a large audience attended every evening service, and conviction of the old-time character came upon the people and many moved to the altar of prayer to definitely find pardon or purity, under a real sense of deep need.

The Methodist pastor and his flock joined heartily in the effort until the house was crowded to its

utmost, and at every service souls were finding the burden of sin gone and heart gladness had taken its place. A variety of demonstrations were manifested, void of fanaticism or wild excitement. Seekers were earnest and sincere. One evening a lady who had found the Saviour the evening previous, being very anxious for her husband who was then at the altar, asked the Lord very earnestly that he might be converted, and that his name might be written right under hers in the Lamb's Book of Life, which resulted in his immediate conversion. Out of a series of meetings of twenty days, fifty experienced definite victory and became active, established workers, some responding to the call to the ministry. For many years Hanover Friends prospered in aggressive work and wielded a moral and spiritual force in the community, but like many others, have had their testings. The meeting is small; it has a good house of worship, the former one having been burned.

My next effort was at Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County, Michigan, in 1875, in company with Jesse Lloyd, Benjamin Cope and Amos Cook and wife, of Indiana. Here we found very good interest at the start. One only had to note how some who at first stopped at the first seat were advancing toward the front intent to get the most they could out of every

service. A very great deal depends upon a receptive mind in the hearer, and a proper patience and humility in the preacher to reap in soul saving, for often undue haste, is awful waste.

Surely he that winneth souls must be wise. It gave us much courage as one after another yielded themselves to Jesus for the forgiveness of sins, and life from above, and received the spirit of adoption and sincerely called God their Father. The Lord gave us many noble trophies of great promise and once more fulfilled the words of the Psalmist—"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."—Psalm 126:6.

At Ohio Yearly Meeting, held at Damascus, in 1876, a request came from Goshen Quarterly Meeting for help in a case of difficulty in Goshen particular meeting. This was responded to by the appointment of a committee to render such aid as they deemed necessary. That committee was composed of the following persons, viz.: John Butler, George B. Malmsberry, Sarah Jenkins, Elwood Ratliff, Priscilla Rogers, Rebecca Warrington and Jacob Baker, who arranged to meet at Goshen in October, one week preceding Goshen Quarterly Meeting. Feeling the great need of wisdom, I spent much time in prayer, hoping to be used of God to make reconcilia-

tion. I was the first of the committee to arrive on the ground and attended the prayer meeting on Tuesday evening. I found a large company of earnest worshipers accompanied with spiritual life. Next day most of the committee arrived. The difficulty arose following a revival in which many had found the Saviour, and in their fresh experience were happy in Him; but as it sometimes occurs, some had taken offense at the evangelists and manifested an opposing spirit. Unwisely, too, much notice had been taken of it publicly, which increased the difficulty till the situation had become critical. N. C. McLean being in Indiana in revival work, we at once wired to him to come immediately that the parties might meet together. It was now Wednesday and we began meetings day and night, pouring out the messages of the Gospel. This was continued through the week and over Sabbath, with a prayer service Monday forenoon. Just at noon N. C. McLean came, and that afternoon was spent hearing the grievances of all who wished to speak. A statement of charges had been prepared and signed by twenty members, which covered twelve pages of foolscap, and was read by their leader without interruption. That afternoon and evening was fully occupied. Wednesday being their monthly meeting we made public request that the membership attend.

Tuesday we had Gospel meetings morning and evening. At Monthly Meeting after a season of prayer, John Butler, a much-beloved elder, considered somewhat conservative, for the first time in his life arose and opened his Bible and read an appropriate lesson, following with a loving exhortation, which was followed by every member of the committee. During this period I became fully assured there was a deep spirit of contrition prevailing over the congregation, and with an overwhelming conviction that there was a white heat in some hearts, I suddenly arose with open Bible at Isaiah, forty-first chapter and seventh verse, and repeatedly read, "It is ready for the soldering," and with much emphasis said, "I am fully persuaded there are those here that feel a spirit of forgiveness, and whoever they may be, please come forward to an altar of prayer." In a moment, he who had read the long bill of indictment arose and said, "Before any move is made further, I wish to say that while I intellectually believe many of the charges are true, yet under the teaching that has been given in the last few days, I see that I have been harboring a bad spirit toward these two brethren, and I am ready to forgive them and meet them at the altar." At once the leaders of both parties were side by side, confessing and forgiving, and the whole congregation rushed like sheep to their salt,

and the soldering was complete. There was no urging, all was voluntary and proved to be lasting.

On Saturday following, the committee attended the Quarterly Meeting held at Carmel, and at the proper time gave information of the reconciliation, and I read from II Chronicles twenty-ninth chapter, thirty-sixth verse, "God prepared the people for the thing was done suddenly." Such an incident attendant with surprising results in one who had been instrumental, causes deep thankfulness to God and humility of spirit and gives new courage to fight on to other victories with a fresh spirit of discernment and prompt, child-like obedience, giving the honor to God.

Goshen meeting put on new strength and courage, and under the faithful service of John D. Elliott went on and became a power in the community, and is one of the sweet spots in memory, and when called a few years ago to attend their centennial, when I spoke from the text, "Shall a child be born unto him that is one hundred years old?" Genesis, seventeenth chapter, seventeenth verse, I rejoiced to have lived to realize what God had wrought.

Surely Jesus could proclaim from Olivet, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." Let me here venture the caution to all pastors and evangelists, in cases of seeming

barriers, and even in real opposition, to seek for the things that make for peace, for gentleness wins like the harmlessness of the dove. Let every pastor keep near his flock, avoiding harsh utterances to any of his sheep. Strive to feed them all alike, avoiding sensitiveness, or censoriousness under criticism, but in much patience possess ye your souls. Let the Great Shepherd of the sheep, who, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

CHAPTER XI

IN NOVEMBER, 1875, my wife and I received credentials for Gospel work in Iowa and Kansas. Leaving our home we stopped a few days at Vandalia, Michigan, being entertained at James E. Bonine's and had a few meetings there, then on Sixthday went on to Chicago, where we called at the Christian Worker office and at Aquilla Pickering's. We attending Friends meeting on Firstday morning and evening, and had two meetings at Western Springs, being entertained at the home of Asa and Sarah Kelsey, who were formerly members of Adrian Quarterly Meeting. It was our plan to go direct to Iowa, but while returning to the city, we noticed posted in the street cars this statement, "Fare to Kansas City by four different routes, one dollar." This was an extreme cut rate, the regular fare being \$14.50. Investigating, we found via the Wabash we could pay six dollars each and get a rebate of five dollars on arrival at Kansas City. We took this as an evidence that the thing to do was to go to Kansas first. Accordingly, on Thirdday we

took train for Kansas City, and on the next day found the home of Samuel Newby. On Fourthday we went to Lawrence and reported to Washington Hadley, then Yearly Meeting superintendent of evangelistic work of Kansas Yearly Meeting. He directed us to Tonganoxie, where Myron T. Hartley, a minister from our own Quarterly Meeting, had just commenced a series of meetings. We were entertained at John Kirby's, a merchant of that village. Friends had an academy there with quite a large attendance. Friends meetings house was quite out of town, and in a dilapidated condition and the weather very cold, so it seemed advisable to secure a more central and comfortable place for the meeting. After a few days the Friends secured the use of the Congregational Church, which resulted in a larger attendance, and gave the students of the Academy the privilege of the meetings. Soon people were coming to the altar and praying for the forgiveness of sin and finding the Saviour, and believers were strengthened.

One evening I had for my theme, "The Judgment of the Ungodly," and was with all the intensity of my being giving forth my message, standing behind a small desk; instinctively, in my earnestness, I sprang with a leap clear around the desk, without hand touch on anything, and landed at the

starting place, a wonder to myself and the audience. This seemed to have a beneficial effect upon the meeting, and definite results followed. Myron T. Hartley was converted at Alum Creek, Ohio, in a revival of which I had charge, and was now an efficient revivalist, and we were true yoke fellows, indeed. The meetings continued two weeks, with marked success, and soon a new house of worship was erected as the result of greater spirituality.

Our next was at Lawrence, in the Yearly Meeting house. My wife and I were entertained by Sarah B. Woodward, a devoted elder of that meeting. Meetings continued three weeks, with large audiences, a good number of conversions and several sanctified. Our custom had been for me to take the meeting on Sabbath morning, and Myron in the evening. During the second week, on Sixthday, Myron suggested I take the evening and he the morning on the coming Sabbath, remarking that if that met my approval, he wanted to propose my subject for the message, and that he had already been impressed as to what his theme would be. If I approved, it was to be published in the daily papers on Seventh-day. He suggested that I preach on the Resurrection and Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he preach on The Soul of Man, to which I assented.

Interest was now very good, and Myron was greatly blessed in giving his message. When evening came, the large audience room was filled. I arose with the consciousness that I needed help from above, and with great confidence entered upon the task, and for two hours and five minutes I poured out the great truths of God's revelation, of His plan and purpose, as given in the Scripture, to an attentive congregation, who manifested no unrest to the close. I had lost the swiftness of the passing moments, and was greatly surprised when informed of the length of time occupied. Washington Hadley requested that I should put the sermon in writing for publication. I replied I did not think I could, and if I could it would be too cold in type to set on fire the affections like the human voice.

An amusing incident occurred the next day. We were invited, together with our hostess, to dine with her sister-in-law. After partaking of a sumptuous meal until the desert was due, I discerned something unusual was engaging the attention of the lady of the house, as she asked, "Shall I set it on?" "Certainly," was the reply. Soon a generous supply of well prepared cake was set before us, when our hostess said, "Suffer a word of explanation. This cake is made after a new recipe. I forgot to put in the common seasoning, and instead thereof put in

the Resurrection and Second Coming, so intense was my thought fixed on the sermon of last evening."

Our next meeting was at Emporia, commencing just before the holidays, when many teachers were having their vacation. The State Normal School is located there, and during vacation the faculty and many students attended, adding interest to the work. Some teachers and students were happily converted, and the church greatly strengthened.

Here Brother Hartley left us for his home in Michigan, and we turned our steps toward Iowa, stopping a little while at Kansas City. Our first meeting in Iowa was at Springdale Quarterly Meeting. This was the home of that man of God, John Y. Hoover. The meeting was large and was crowned with the Lord's presence and blessing. On Firstday evening we attended meeting at Springdale, four miles west, and Lawrie Tatum took us to his home, expecting to conduct us to the train at West Branch at 7 o'clock next morning, arrangement having been made for meetings at Springville, thirty miles distant. During the night a genuine western blizzard struck us, so that at 5 a. m. Lawrie Tatum rapped at our door, saying, "You can do no better today than to tarry with us and read Whittier's 'Snow Bound,' the snow is up to the eaves. We were shut in till Fifthday,

when we went to West Branch Monthly Meeting.

Joseph Steere, superintendent of the Quarterly Meeting, now proposed that we should engage in a revival effort at West Branch, which was united with, and seeing the good hand of God upon us, we continued there three weeks with good interest, and the Lord gave the victory. One remarkable incident worthy of mention, was that of a man about sixty years of age who attended our meetings. After a few days' attentive listening to the messages of full and present salvation, he arose one day and requested the privilege of reading a tract which had been handed him at his boarding place in Texas, where he had been for his health. This was granted, and it proved to be an advocate of growing into the experience of entire sanctification and choking carnality. We heard him through, but made no effort to combat it, but continued in the good, old-fashioned way. A few days after he arose, saying, "I have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost; the tract was wrong. I burned it in the fire this morning." A radical change was wrought in him, and though only spared two years, he maintained his steadfastness and died a victorious saint.

Leaving West Branch, we went to Walnut Center, about sixteen miles from Des Moines, having our home with Jesse Hoag, my cousin, and held a

week's meeting. This was a weak meeting, but a worthy few were encouraged. Returning to Des Moines, we spent a Sabbath there, Truman C. Kenworthy being their pastor. Having been engaged nearly five months in continual service, we came direct home in time to find my wife's youngest brother at the point of death. His life soon went out, and he was laid away. In taking a retrospect of this work and its results we felt surely the Lord had cared for us and made us a blessing to whom be all the glory.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE summer of 1876 I attended Canada Yearly Meeting, held at Pickering, Ontario. Here I met William P. Haworth for the first time. This was the year William Spencer was appointed Clerk, instead of his brother, Adam. The aggressive portion of the membership felt the necessity of a change, as the former Clerk was not in sympathy with the forward movement of the meeting. Upon the adoption of the proposed change, Adam Spencer, with about a dozen others, withdrew and began to arrange for a separate meeting, and asked for the use of a church of another denomination, but when the information of their being separatists was known by the officials, it was refused. On Firstday morning, the house being filled, William P. Haworth took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" dwelling upon the fall of the first Adam and its awful consequences at considerable length, without any knowledge of the fact that Adam Spencer was in the gallery above completely out of sight, and it was somewhat amusing to those who knew the facts. The sessions of the Yearly Meeting were seasons of refreshing. At the

close of the Yearly Meeting I went to Yonge Street, New Market, Church, Mission, Chapel, Meaford, St. Vincent, Sydenham, Gray and Heathcote.

Some of these meetings were small, yet there was a large degree of spiritual life. In one of these a part of the message was to three persons (though unknown to me), who were conscious of a call to preach the Gospel, who were hesitating to respond thereto. Later I learned they yielded and were useful in the Master's hands in that line, which He had chosen for them. Heathcote meeting was situated on a high range of hills off Owens Sound, and was a place of delightful scenery. One could stand at the east door of Benjamin Moore's residence and, in the morning sunlight, view the valley of many miles in length and ten or twelve miles in width, in which were nestled a number of villages and winding highways or "Queen's Roads," a most enchanting scene which has never left me. Benjamin Moore was the father of Heathcote meeting, the feeder of the flock. Cyrus Ying conducted us from place to place.

At one of these meetings I selected this proverb of Solomon for my text: "A word fitly spoken, how good it is! It is like apples of gold, in pictures of silver," remarking that, in a sense, we could be one another's saviours. Since beginning these "Incidents" a communication has come to me that this

changed some lives and led to their establishment in the things of the kingdom, giving guidance to thought and speech.

Surely no one can tame the tattling tongue, but He who made it, and He only can give it grace and glory. Who can count the blessings of sound speech, seasoned with the grace of humility? Without it we would be deprived of the privilege of prayer.

The year 1876 closed my father's life, after weeks of decline. In the earlier part of my ministry he had intense interest in my messages, but was never quite in sympathy with the aggressive revival wave that was sweeping over the Friends Church, and very seldom gave public testimony to his personal experience of salvation. Under the impression that silence was golden, and speech was tame, many of our predecessors almost worshiped those silent gatherings rather than He who gave them being.

In August of this year, my daughter, Florence and I attended Ohio Yearly Meeting, at Damascus, which was one of the memorable convocations of that body, attended with special evidence of the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace. Stopping one day after the close of the meeting, we planned to reach home on Seventhday, but trains were greatly off schedule time because of hundreds returning from the Centennial at Philadelphia. We

were obliged to stay in Cleveland over the Sabbath, being entertained at Matthew Terrel's, at whose residence Friends meeting was then held. We had a great meeting on the Sabbath and reached home next day.

The first part of 1877 was spent on the farm, but in May I attended Damascus Quarterly Meeting, Ohio, and most of the meetings composing it. In my message on Seventhday at Quarterly Meeting, I called the Scriptures the Word of God. In the business meeting when my credentials were read, and the matter of my having a returning minute was being considered, one Friend remarked that it was not the custom of Friends to speak of the Bible as the Word of God, but since he understood that I grew up in the woods of Michigan, he would waive his objection, and was willing it be granted. It was my fiftieth birthday. During the discussion, a young man in the body of the house arose and said, "In the New Testament there were seven times in which the Word is commenced with a capital W, always with reference to the person of Christ, but everywhere else in Old and New Testament it had reference to the Scriptures." A returning minute was granted.

My credentials covered the attendance of Canada Yearly Meeting, and I felt it right to ask John But-

ler to be my companion in that service, which he assented to. He was a worthy Elder of Damascus Monthly Meeting, a valued friend of mine. Crossing Lake Erie from Cleveland to Port Clinton, we arrived in Pickering in time for the opening session of Yearly Meeting.

The meeting was large, with a good attendance of consecrated young men and women, fresh in their experience and zealous workers. Quite a number of visiting ministers from the States were in attendance. On the Sabbath morning the house was filled. In the gallery was Thomas Ladd, of New York; Judith Johnson, D. B. Updegraff, John Butler, Jacob Baker, each from Ohio; also Sarah Satterthwaite from England.

Very early in the meeting Jonathan Brewer, husband of Eliza Brewer, of Canada, arose and said he felt he ought to give his experience in the school of Christ. The first point was his conviction that he ought to take up the use of the plain language, and in yielding he felt great reward; afterward he was convinced that he ought to wear a coat with standing collar, after the manner of Friends, which he did after a hard struggle, with like results. He gave no testimony to regeneration or forgiveness, neither did he allude to salvation by virtue of the atonement, or to the work of the Holy Spirit.

After using an hour of valuable time, he wound up in telling the people how they made steel bows. It took very much hammering and tempering, and was of no use when finished unless it was strung up; it was used when strung, but unstrung when not in use. So when God has used us, when our task is done, He loosens the string.

None of the visiting ministers had any time to deliver Gospel messages. James Barker, of Norwich, gave a short talk and the meeting closed. Passing down the aisle, my attention was sought by a touch on my shoulder, and turning about, an elderly lady, leaning on a crutch, said, "We had with us today a Baker, a Butler and a Brewer. I thought we could have done without the Brewer." In the evening, in company with Thomas Ladd, I attended a meeting at the Presbyterian Church in Whitby, and we had a very appreciative audience. Yearly Meeting closed on Secondday and I returned home fully conscious of the Lord's tender care. One of the peculiar lines of the Lord's blessing in the Friends Church is the free and frequent exchange of the ministry.

How memory brings to us the peculiar help a new messenger gave in his service, a real uplift of soul.

CHAPTER XIII

IN MARCH, 1878, Alfred Bartlett and myself were invited to hold a series of meetings at Elba, N. Y. Leaving Raisin Center we went via Cleveland and Buffalo, and were met at Batavia. The old stone church where so many worthies had worshiped on the sunny side of the hill, cozy and cheerful, needed an increase of interest and attendance. Gradually the numbers multiplied, and the Gospel messages gained favor and attention, and after a week of definite teaching on the awful consequences of a life of sin, and living without God and Christ, on the one hand, and the gain of Godliness for this life and that to come, great conviction took hold of many hearts and a yielding to sound judgment began. After a week, Thomas Kimber and wife, and Marry K. Murray joined us for a few days, and were very helpful. Among those converted was a man about fifty years of age, a member of the Hicksite Society, in that neighborhood. Under the graphic description of Christ's death on the cross, his heart was broken, and he yielded his broken, sinful self to a personal Saviour, and his burden rolled away.

An amusing incident occurred one evening. Three wild young Americans had been attending the services, night after night, always sitting together, the wildest in the middle, continually pestering his associates. This having become noticeable, and altogether unpleasant, one evening after a searching message, in the after service, Thomas Kimber knelt at their feet, and placing his hand on the middle one, he began a prayer after this manner: "Oh, Lord, give these boys some sense; give them sense enough to come in when it rains; to come in when it rains; they are wild. Oh, Lord, tame them, Thine own self," prolonging his earnest petition with much liberty. Though one could not tell the result of this unique petition, which for the time seemed only to amuse, yet the result justified the means. On returning home at the midnight hour, the hardest of the three broke all to pieces, got out of bed, and plead for mercy and forgiveness, and the Lord tamed him. Next day, with a glowing countenance, he came into the meeting and gave a clear testimony that he had found the Saviour. "The Lord has tamed me." The others followed.

Many were helped in their experience. Two deaths occurred while we were there; one an only child of two years, a beautiful picture of innocence, whose parents were keenly cut with the sword of

sorrow, sent for me to take charge of the funeral service. Having lost our first-born boy long before, I was able to enter into sympathy with them to a marked degree and give comfort to the bereaved. The other death was that of a man sixty years of age, a Hicksite, and a relative desired to have Sunderland Gardner, of Farmington, have the services, and sent a messenger for him (fifty miles), who returned with the information that he was out of reach, in Virginia. At 5 a. m. a knock at the door revealed a request for me to officiate. Having announced a meeting at the same hour, I informed them of the situation. They said, "We will wait till your meeting closes," which was done. I dwelt on the surety of Jesus concerning the resurrection of the dead. It seemed a strange Providence, but the Lord helped.

After closing at Elba, a request to hold meetings in a school house, a few miles west, came, and a meeting was announced for Sabbath evening. We found a crowded house eager for the truth, and had a good meeting. It was planned to continue through the week, but a telegram from home of the death of a very dear friend called for my return, and, reluctantly, the plan was dropped. It has seemed since possibly I made a mistake.

The call to Elba was the outcome of a trip from

Toronto, Canada, to attend Farmington Quarterly Meeting, held at Rochester, New York. My wife and I, with Alfred Bartlett and R. W. Douglass, secured a passage by boat across Lake Ontario to Rochester, to leave at 7 p.m., to arrive at 5 a.m. next day. After retiring, without having left the wharf, and after a night's rest, to our surprise at 7 a.m. we were yet at the place of entering our craft. Soon we found that in loading a cargo of wheat the elevator had gone wrong, and we were 12,000 bushels in excess of the intended amount, and all night had been occupied in reducing the load to its proper quantity. All day we were enjoying the monotony of the voyage, but reached the Quarterly Meeting.

In 1878, New York Yearly Meeting was to be held at Glen Falls for the first time. I secured the proper credentials to attend it, reaching there in time to attend the meeting of Ministry and Oversight. There were in attendance a number of visiting ministers, viz.: John Henry Douglass, D. B. Updegraff, Judith Johnson, Amos Kenworthy, Thomas Kimber, James E. Rhodes, Elizabeth Comstock and myself. The services were varied and revealed a diversity of gifts. I used the vision of Ezekiel, first chapter, last clause of the sixteenth verse, "And the appearance of the living creatures was like a wheel in the middle of a wheel," enlarging at some length upon the thought

that Christ was the hub of the church, composed of living members that radiated from the hub in a proper wheel; two arms from the hub to each section of the felloes proceeded and entered each section of equal length and equal strength, and compared this to Christ, the center, the two arms the Holy Spirit and Holy Bible, and these held the felloes in proper place. The outer wheel in sections, the membership of the church, and the Spirit was in the living creatures. Whither the Spirit went, they went, and they had straight feet. This was so singularly parallel to the real and true relationship of the body of holiness, to our head, that it was received heartily, and was afterward alluded to by the earnest workers.

Friends had secured a large tent and set it up near the church and Gospel meetings were held in it. June 1 was on Sabbath, and the morning devotional meeting was large. A stirring message was given when the meeting was opened for personal testimony, and many spoke. A clock before me indicated the time as 9:30 a.m. At once it occurred to me this is my spiritual birthday, and I said, fifteen years ago at this hour at the base of a mammoth oak, I sought and found Jesus in the forgiveness of sin and the birth from above. The same afternoon I strolled down town and found Amos Kenworthy on

a dry goods box on the street speaking to the crowd that gathered. He immediately remarked, "I am not going to speak long. I see another preacher here who will follow me." When he closed, he called on me to come, and as I took the stand, he said, "This is Jacob Baker, of Michigan." I at once asked, "How many of you believe the brother has told you my right name? Please signify it by raising your hand." A score of hands went up. Now, I said, I know a person I am well acquainted with that I am going to tell you about. His name is Jesus. Will you believe my story of Him? After holding their attention closely for twenty minutes, I closed by saying, "There will be a meeting in the tent this evening; come and hear more." Evening found a score of them present, and when a call was made, fifteen came forward and prayed through. It was a time of great blessing to many, and my first visit was a token of the Lord's favor, and is yet a cause of gratitude to my Father in heaven for that service. Here I first met James E. Rhodes, of Philadelphia, a noble specimen of what God can do when one puts himself in His hands. A sweet spot in memory.

At the close of the meeting I went to Brooklyn and attended New York Monthly Meeting, being entertained by William Ladd. I attended Brooklyn

meeting on the Sabbath, and a meeting at Flushing, Long Island, in the evening. I lodged at Thomas Leggett's and visited an English lady Friend, who had a lounge on which George Fox reclined in the early days of our church. She had a fac-simile letter of George Fox's handwriting. Across the street was a lawn on which yet stood an aged oak under which he preached in the Seventeenth Century. To stand where he stood, recline where he reclined, and read an autograph letter in his own hand was an unexpected surprise. To visit Greenwood Cemetery, Central Park, the great ocean steamers and other great achievements was indeed a great privilege. One morning at day dawn the bells of the city began their united death toll, that from a thousand voices reminded the million ears that the life of one of the great men of our great city was ended, that of William Cullen Bryant; he whose muse so often rang the spirit of devout praise, who, in his most worshipful mood, indicted those ever-gracious lays of Eden Bowers, and said, "The groves were God's first temples." His work was done.

On to Newport, the good hand of our God was upon us till we landed at the wharf and the old Friends house of worship. Here was a new field of operation and observation. Among the cultured and

refined it seemed stiff and strange. In the meeting of Ministry and Oversight I followed Amos Kenworthy, and was reaching the subject of the resurrection of the body, laying stress on Jesus' own teaching, when the Clerk showed uneasiness and soon requested me to close, remarking that he had been reminded of a saying of Sarah Grubb, not to spend one's substance in riotous living. I sat down at once. He said the time demanded attention to business. The business was soon over, when Elizabeth Mallerson knelt and asked the Lord to stand by His little ones, followed by Amos Kenworthy. Then a prominent lady Elder arose and said, "I think it is due our friend that we hear him through." To which the meeting assented, so I finished in a few words of victorious faith. During the Yearly Meeting an aged person who had planned to attend the Yearly Meeting, was suddenly taken very ill and died, and a messenger came fifty miles for some one to go and take charge of the funeral services. It fell to me to go by train. I took for my text, "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," and again reached the resurrection of the dead as a perfect day. Was much blessed, and the memory of it is sweet to this day. At the close of the Yearly Meeting I visited the Friends School at Providence

and returned home, thanking God for His loving care and safe keeping. There were days that told how much it means to mind the Lord, a rare discipline for a trusting faith. To all young workers and friends, let me say that it pays to be true. I will pay my vows in the presence of all the people in the courts of the Lord's house.

CHAPTER XIV

THE summer of 1879 was one of home duties on the farm, and Gospel work in the limits of Adrian Quarterly Meeting. In December of that year myself and wife held meetings a short time at Alum Creek, Ohio, then to Camp Chase, being joined there by Joseph Wakefield in a revival effort at Friends Church. There was much interest and good results.

Among the converts was a German Catholic, who testified to having found a religion that changed the heart far beyond that he had been taught over the sea. A case of clear exhibition of overflowing joy, accompanied with much laughter.

In January 1880, we, in company with Myron T. Hartley, of Raisin, Michigan, began a series of meetings at Friends Church, on Ohio street, Columbus, Ohio. Here was a small meeting with a few active members, and the Gospel story won the attention of a goodly number of hearers and soon the altar had seekers on their knees praying for mercy and life till victory came.

Among them was Charlie Butler, known to be one of the hardest young men of the city, often crazed

with drink, the terror of his home, many times incarcerated in the city prison, when sober of a genial disposition, and an enjoyable companion. This young man was invited to attend our meetings and responded. He was the only son of an eminent physician who was once an active Methodist, then a cold, prayerless backslider. Perceiving that Charlie was under deep conviction, we sought an interview with his father in his office, and urged him to attend the church services that evening. This he promised to do. After the preaching an altar call was made, and father and son came forward as earnest seekers. I well remember the father's confession: "O God, I have not uttered a prayer in thine ear in twenty years; help me to come back to Thee that I may help my boy," and both melted in contrition, and prayed through to victory. The father in hope to save his son from drink had built a fine house in the suburbs of the city, and next day we were invited to the house to dine with them, and enjoyed a rich feast. Charlie's wife, amiable in disposition, formerly a school teacher, desired us to take Charlie with us to our next place of work. They had a son of three years, a bright boy. The light of joy beamed upon every countenance that day for salvation had come to that house.

Upon closing our meetings, our next field of oper-

ation was at Friends Church at Selma, Ohio, known as Green Plains Meeting, Indiana Yearly Meeting. While there a letter came from Charlie Butler's wife saying, "Our home is altogether new. Charlie is kind and seems a new man," and expressed a wish that he might be with us. We said, let him come. Meetings at Selma continued three weeks, with good success, the membership revived and there were a number of conversions, closing with a united call from the church to take pastoral charge of that congregation, of which we will give a full account later on.

The sad sequel of the life of Charlie Butler must needs be given. After an interval of a few months his father bought for him a livery and feed barn, and started him in business (an unwise act), which threw him into bad association and evil influences. Within one year the old appetite for intoxicants revived, and Charlie fell and waxed worse and worse, until his faithful wife was compelled to flee to the parental home for safety, and Charlie was again behind the bars. Mrs. Butler's parents' residence was near Columbia City, Indiana. Charlie, through his father's influence, was released from the city prison, as he had been many times before, and sought an interview with his wife to induce her to return, and failing in his effort, went away and filled up

with drink. He returned in a craze, and with two shots from a deadly revolver murdered his heart-broken wife in her own home. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, and was executed at Columbia City, Indiana.

What are the awful lessons of such a life? First. Loose family government, with a backslidden father, results in loose habits, loose associates, loose morals, depraved nature, sensuality. Second. Though for all this forgiveness may be found and new trial of fidelity may be given, the chances of stability are extremely hazardous without constant watchfulness and prayer. Third. A new disciple needs the best associations for his encouragement and full development. Fourth. Human weakness always accompanies indulgence in intoxicants. Fifth. An indulgent father weakens the character of his son. He reaps what he has sown. Sixth. No woman can safely plight her love upon a tipler; better be companionless for life. Seventh. To all young men, here is a lesson of shame that ought to ring in the ears louder than many mighty thunderings. Eighth. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

CHAPTER XV

INCIDENTAL mention was made in the preceding chapter of a call of Green Plains Monthly Meeting of Friends (Indiana Yearly Meeting) to serve the meeting as pastor. We at once began to consider the subject prayerfully. Having served Raisin Center Meeting for eight years without a stipulated support, and during those eight years engaged in evangelistic work in various parts of the country, with meager financial aid, to be settled as pastor over a flock with a stated amount for compensation, and that previous to the general adoption of the pastoral system, was a new problem not easy to settle. That the meeting needed a shepherd to follow the revival was clearly evident, hence we waived decision till we could return home and watch the providences for light. Unsought, an application from a Friend to rent my farm, met us on our return, and information was received in a few days that a support of \$600 and pastor's dwelling would be freely given if we were willing to accept the charge, commencing April 1, 1880. Believing the Lord's hand was in it, our reply was in the affirmative. We had less than

a month to arrange our business and leave the dearest spot on earth, which had for fifteen years been "home, sweet home."

Green Plains, later known as Selma, had a goodly number of substantial families, the Smiths, Hollingsworths, Wildmans, Howells, Thorns, Lawrences and Atkinsons, also many colored inhabitants. They had a good Friends house of worship. April 15, 1880, found us settled and ready for work. The people were very kind, slow in testimony and prayer, but our gatherings were large and accompanied with the Spirit's power. Here for three years the Lord Graciously held us in His service, with a few short intervals in revival work. A very choice company of young people helped to make our meetings inspiring and promising, and many of the general public were regular attenders. The initial experience of R. Esther Smith, now missionary in Central America, and Alice Lawrence, a successful pastor in Iowa, began there.

During the first year I was invited to hold revival meetings in Harveysburg, Ohio. This was a small meeting but well attended. There were many Hicksites in and around the village, some of whom attended, not altogether approving the stress put upon the atonement for personal salvation. It was our privilege to preach Jesus as the Word made

flesh, and His resurrection disarming every effort for salvation by works. Here Amos Cook was renewed, who is now the successful pastor at Friends Church at Xenia, Ohio. Many others were greatly helped in their spiritual life.

On returning to Selma, to my glad surprise I found on the center table a complete set of "Dr. Adam Clark's Commentaries" on the whole Bible, accompanied with a list of the names of the donors, with their compliments, a most welcome gift which had been my companion in study, all these years of service.

Toward the close of the second year I held a revival effort at Oak Ridge school house, three miles south of Selma, resulting in twenty-five conversions, most of whom joined our church.

In December of the third year I was called to hold a revival at Short Creek, Ohio. For three weeks we prayed, preached and sang the Gospel publicly and from house to house with good results. Here George Jackson was converted, who is now an efficient revivalist in the Methodist Episcopal church. At the close I returned to Selma to find two evangelists just commencing meetings. I had been absent four weeks, and these had come under the auspices of Indiana Yearly Meeting. I reached home Monday evening. Taking my supper, I re-

paired to the church expecting to meet a hearty welcome from the evangelists. To my surprise, no such evidence was manifested, but a disposition to ignore and count out one whose right it was to take his share in the work. There were frequent allusions to the innovations creeping into the church through adoption of the pastoral system, but I determined not to cross them, but fall into line helpfully. They were enthusiasts and full of noise, and soon the contagion spread. Two weeks passed with good congregations, and many at the altar, some of whom were converted. I took part under God's blessing, till finally in a day meeting the leader opened by exhorting the people in their prayers, to pray for people by name, when he gave us a sample by asking the Lord to take that man Miller, who has for years exerted his influence against Thy work, and either convert him or paralyze his tongue, or strike him dead. A physician, under deep conviction, in passing had hitched his horse and come in and went straight to the altar and was kneeling when this prayer was uttered. He at once started out the door enraged, and scattered the report that they were asking God to kill people at the church, the effect being death to the success of further work.

This seemed a spirit of fanaticism, altogether out of harmony with the teaching of Jesus. "Ye know

not what spirit ye are of, the Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them," and "because thou has not asked the life of thine enemies," but asked wisdom and understanding to discern judgment I have done according to Thy word (I Kings 3:11). All this revealed afresh the absolute need every where and always of keeping the eye on the Lord rather than on the giants. To meet the many questions put to me as I met people, I could only say, I have never felt like asking for calamity to fall on sinners, but on the contrary, that a merciful God might take every case in hand if happily they might be saved. This man Miller was the son of a Swedenborgian minister, void of religion, wont to make sport of it, but who at this time when he heard the Friends were to hold special meetings, cancelled the arrangement of a dance at his residence so as not to appear to have it in the way. I have always been satisfied this was the outcome of unwise filling the mind of the evangelist by the members of the church, often so fatal to the success of the work. I have purposely withheld the names of the evangelists, both of whom have finished their course and passed to their reward. There were no permanent gains to the church, but all fell flat.

This was a trying experience, but a discipline fraught with lessons of lasting worth, which to this

day shows the necessity of constantly looking unto Jesus. It was my privilege to meet the Selma Friends in the early month of this year in their monthly meeting, now small. They gave many expressions of the high appreciation of the three years' service among them, and the memory of those years is an oasis along the desert. As the meeting at Raisin Center desired my return, it seemed to be the will of the Lord that we return in the spring of 1883. While at Selma the marriage of our youngest daughter, Florence, took place, December 16, 1880, to Ezra H. Porter, of Fruit Ridge, Michigan, Samuel B. Smith, who was a brother of "Aunt" Laura Haviland, officiating.

While at Selma I officiated at the marriage of Elmore Osborne and Laura Levering, of Alum Creek, Ohio, my first experience in solemnizing the marriage covenant. Selma yet remains a fertile spot in memory, though the warm friends gained there are now widely scattered. Many have crossed the river into the family above, but Jesus remains a faithful High Priest to them that are heirs of salvation. Praise His name.

CHAPTER XVI

APRIL 1, 1883, found us again on the farm at Raisin Center, recognized as pastor of that congregation without a fixed salary. The members were very kind and often volunteered helpful assistance in my farm work, also with small contributions of money.

For the greater part of three years we served in this capacity at the old battle-ground of my younger days, being now fifty-six years of age. During the summer I held cottage meetings in Adrian City, and also at the Methodist Protestant chapel on Sabbath afternoon with good interest. Short revival services were also held at Raisin Valley and Ypsilanti with good interest in the uplift of the church membership, and sinners found forgiveness and life through faith in a personal Saviour.

My messages were given in the energy of the Spirit, with small evidence of emotion or excitement, pressing the inquirer to take definite action and make quick decision for forgiveness, and the added filling of the Spirit necessary for living a holy life and completeness in Jesus Christ.

The Gospel must include the six fundamentals in the realm of grace and experience as taught by Christ and the apostles.

As in the science of numbers there are six fundamentals, viz.: Notation, Enumeration, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division, so in the science of Salvation there are a like number of fundamental necessities to a life hid with Christ in God, viz.: the New Birth, A Title clear, Addition of courage, Subtraction of defilement, Multiplication of love, peace and joy, and rightly Dividing the Word of Truth, going on to perfection; all these are necessary to solve the problems of life and immortality as described in Hebrew 6:1-2. Repentance from dead works, Faith toward God, Baptism of repentance and with the Holy Ghost, Laying on of Hands, the Resurrection of the dead, and Eternal Judgment. These are the utterances of Divine revelation, and when proclaimed under divine anointing must win souls by him who is wise.

During the summer of 1885, at the request of the elders of Rollin Monthly Meeting, I served as pastor, which required a drive of twenty-two miles, often making this on Sabbath morning. The meetings were large and the blessing of the Lord was with us.

In the winter of 1885-86 I was invited to hold a series of meetings at Friends Church at Damascus, Ohio. I had previously held a revival there in company with James H. Morgan, in which many souls were brought into the liberty of full salvation. Damascus Friends meeting was one of the largest in Ohio Yearly Meeting. For a co-laborer I invited Loren G. Bird, of Adrian, Michigan, to join in that work. Brother Bird was a very devout man who had come to Friends from the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he had been a noted class leader for many years. After a series of meetings conducted by D. B. Updegraff, he chose to identify himself with Friends, being a man of God in the true meaning of the term. Reaching Damascus the latter part of January, we began meetings under what seemed very untoward conditions. A continued rainfall of fifty hours confronted us; congregations were small. On the third day, with an audience of about forty, I began speaking on the subject of faith having good liberty, when suddenly a very dark cloud overshadowed us. Being too dark to read, I became overwhelmingly impressed to stop and say, "Friends, this is a very dark time, but the Lord wants me to say that in sixty minutes the sun will shine brightly in these south windows." Having obeyed, I took up my theme and proceeded to

the consideration of the facts of living faith, its certainties and assurances. One could but discern a spirit of curiosity, saying "We will see," yet I had no misgivings about it whatever, for faith had ventured on a fact to be demonstrated. True to my faith, at fifty minutes the clear sunshine came and with it a very marked spirit of confidence took possession of the audience. This was altogether a new experience, and after the close of the meeting, I remarked to Brother Bird, "I do not know that I understand this." He replied, "It means a revival, sure." Three nights after, twenty seekers were at the altar and prayed through. Meetings continued three weeks with unabated interest and success, with a general quickening of the membership, followed by a call to become the pastor of the church. Brother Bird did valiant service throughout.

Being desirous that the will of the Lord might be done at this unlooked for crisis in my work, I sent for my wife to come that we might together investigate the whole matter. Jeremiah Grinnell had been serving as pastor to good satisfaction, but now desired to be released, and favored me as his successor. He was a noble man of God. John Butler, a worthy elder, who had long sat at the head of the meeting, also favored the change. The Monthly Meeting appointed a committee of nine to confer with us, and

after full deliberation an affirmative decision was reached, and on returning we began making arrangements for removal to enter the open door which the Lord had given us.

To give home over to others was no small sacrifice, even though a fair support was pledged. April 1, 1886, found us safely settled at Damascus, with our membership transferred to that body of Friends. The meeting was in good spiritual condition, audiences large and appreciative, accompanied with great liberty in worship. Always accustomed to toil as a part of my being, I turned some Damascus soil upside down and exerted some effort for garden and corn.

These were pleasant days under Divine blessing as the months sped on. Even in auspicious times one needs constantly to draw nigh unto God in prayer lest one be exalted above measure. The dear people were exceedingly kind and the good pleasure of the Lord was upon us.

CHAPTER XVII

PREVIOUS to our reaching Damascus, that village had received a terrible shock by the suicide of one of its prominent citizens. He had a birthright among Friends, but when the Civil War came on he enlisted as a private, and being a man of courage, with a strong physique, was promoted to the station of colonel, served through the war, and was honorably discharged. A few years later he was soundly converted, and the writer heard him at a general meeting in the opera house at Alliance, Ohio, give this testimony: "I have faced the cannon's mouth, but it took greater courage to face a sinful life, and surrender to Jesus Christ for salvation than for carnal strife." Afterwards he fell into disobedience, became financially involved, and rather than face the force of the law, ended his own life. This had an alarming effect upon the community, and brought conviction upon many, and was accepted as a warning from above. I know of no other locality where there was a greater demonstration of the power of the Spirit for conviction. Men may draw back into perdition. Damascus had seen a sweeping revival,

in which more than five hundred had been brought into the kingdom. Entering this fruitful field was fraught with great responsibility. How to foster that which was right and guard against extremes, required straight-forwardness and clear discernment. During the first year the agitation upon the so-called ordinances of water baptism and the supper became sharp, because of a small number of Friends in Ohio Yearly Meeting having been baptized with water. Having personal convictions that neither baptism or the supper, were essential to salvation, and declaring myself saved by the atoning blood of the covenant of grace, and that I had no use for any veil between me and Christ, and that no new ordinance was instituted at the last passover supper, but that when Jesus said, "With desire I have desired to eat *this* passover, before I am taken from you," He implied that this is the last time I shall take of these symbols, and declare that the bread typifies My body broken for you, and this wine is My blood of the New Testament.

Firmly established on this ground of faith, I was reckoned conservative to a large degree in this agitation, and was willing to place myself on that platform, and took stand on the line of intolerance, and at the Yearly Meeting at Mt. Pleasant was counted on the anti-ordinance side. During the following

year I became convinced that for me to battle a non-essential was not my calling, and would endanger my own experience, hence at the Yearly Meeting at Damascus I fully affirmed my own consciousness, with regard to the subject, stating my convictions were very dear to me. I also believed in the sincerity of dear brethren and sisters, who desired toleration in these matters. I was willing to grant them unabused liberty and extend to them brotherly kindness and fellowship, and the Yearly Meeting passed the crisis, and toleration became the uniting policy henceforward. There followed a deep sense that I had grieved some of my very dear Friends, and there came a strong test of my consecration. My flock was divided with regard to my action, a measure of support was withdrawn, close places followed, and great watchfulness became necessary, close prayer was resorted to. No keener grief had ever been mine than to grieve dear Uncle John Butler, who had been my companion in travel in the ministry, and who now considered me a balky horse. Over this matter, I resorted to my upper chamber for audience with God, and after hours of prayer, I seemed to hear the language, "Go on with thy work and I will care for thee." The widespread interest in the ordinance question in the Friends' Church had become so great that a call for a general dele-

gate conference was issued, to be held at Richmond, Indiana, in October, 1887. In response to that call the American Yearly Meetings each appointed delegates, Ohio among them.

John Butler, D. B. Updegraff, Asa Rim, myself and others were among the delegation. After the call to order, the conference proceeded to appoint one person from each Yearly Meeting on order of business, and I was selected from the Ohio delegation to serve on that committee. Later a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration of Faith, and I was selected to act on that arduous task. This conference was composed of many of the leading Friends of different parts of the country, some of whom I had never met before. About one hundred delegates were together to discuss great questions of doctrine and practice, who were supposed to have the spiritual interest at heart and able to come to decisions that would result in great unity of purpose for the future of the Friends Church. When the matter of the ordinances came before the committee on order of business, a delegate from Baltimore remarked, "We ought to do something for the help of Ohio Yearly Meeting." To this an Indiana delegate replied, "Before coming together I thought so, too, but Friend D. B. Updegraff is here, and if we open this matter for discussion, he will carry the confer-

ence." A delegate from Western united with the thought that it would be wise not to open it for discussion. I said, "Friends, Ohio has passed the crest-line of agitation and is settling down on practical ground. If you introduce this matter in the other Yearly Meetings it will be a disturbing element among you." The result was a simple statement that recent action was sufficient, and no new discipline was needed, which was adopted by the conference. The committee to prepare a Declaration of Faith proceeded to fulfill the object of their appointment, and had their meeting at the home of Allen Jay. The committee requested James E. Rhoads, of Philadelphia, to do the copying and arranging of matter furnished him from day to day. J. Bevan Brathwaite, of London, taking an active part, and after careful and repeated reading before the committee it was presented to the conference and most carefully discussed, resulting in the adoption thereof. After being passed upon, so great was the feeling of the success of the work, that Allen Jay proposed that the pen used in writing that document, should be preserved as a memorial of the success of the conference.

The Ohio delegation returned with the assurance of peace, and dear John Butler, in feeble health all through the conference, continued to decline, and

passed to his rich reward peacefully, on December 12 following. I regard these experiences as a part of the best discipline of my ministerial service, as may be further described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII

HAVING firm convictions that Jesus Christ instituted no new ordinance at the last supper, but simply used the symbols to explain the real significance of them, and that when He said, "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I am taken from you," these signify that under grace "I" am the Passover. "This is my body broken for you. My blood shed for the remission of sins." Being satisfied and strong in my convictions, I publicly avowed them, at the same time some of my very dear friends having decidedly strong conviction, with evident and equal sincerity, I could not break fellowship with them on a non-essential. Naturally, my position caused some friction and placed me in a peculiar position, some misunderstanding my action.

It had been my practice to spend a portion of each winter in evangelistic effort. I had held services at Beloit, at Cook's Hall, every Sabbath evening for some time and had some conversions, so that some faithful friends were inclined to believe the time was near when a Friends meeting should be organized,

then, after a few months a request was made, signed by a goodly number of members of Damascus Monthly Meeting, for such action, which, after careful investigation, was granted. Two other outposts were occupied, viz.: Garfield and New Middleton. I also engaged in revival work at East Richland and Camp Chase. While at Camp Chase it was my privilege in my family visits to call on "Uncle" John Cowgill, an aged Friend, who was suffering with an attack of the grip. After prayer and some conversation, I asked him if he had made provision for the disposition of his property, knowing that he had considerable means. He replied, "I have two farms in Champaign County which I hold for sale, and expect to donate the proceeds to Ohio Yearly Meeting, the income to aid the work of the ministry." I said, "Why not deed them to that meeting now?" After a few days he requested me to call again, which I did, when he said, "I have concluded to act according to thy suggestion," and called a lawyer to execute a deed. Hence the fund of about \$8,000, known as the Cowgill Fund, one-half the income going for missions, the other half for evangelistic work.

In 1881 I asked Damascus Monthly Meeting for credentials to attend Western Yearly Meeting, and perform some evangelistic service within its limits.

This was refused on account of my tolerance on the ordinance question, by a conservative minority, to which I cheerfully submitted. At the next Monthly Meeting I repeated the request with a similar result. Before the next Monthly Meeting there came into the neighborhood a visiting minister from Indiana with satisfactory credentials, who, in addition to his public service, visited all the families of the Monthly Meeting. When Monthly Meeting came I felt the burden so heavily that I could do no other than repeat the request, and the meeting granted me the proper credentials. Accordingly, I attended the Yearly Meeting at Plainfield, in September, reaching there after an all night's travel. I entered the large tent quietly, while J. H. Douglas was speaking, I hoped unobserved, but he soon discovered me and called me to the platform, and after a brief message, suggested that I follow him. A fifteen-minute talk gave me the hearts of the people, and larger service in the sessions of the Yearly Meeting. After the close I returned to Damascus, and remained a few weeks.

At that time David Hadley was general superintendent of evangelistic and pastoral work of Western Yearly Meeting, and I wrote him that I felt drawn to do some revival work in their borders, if way was open for it. His reply was he would as-

certain and let me know. Along with his postal in the same mail came a letter saying, "There is a large opening," adding, "The King's business requires haste." November 15 found me at Mill Creek, near Danville, Indiana, to begin my first effort. Two weeks' meeting resulted in a few conversions, and a general quickening of the Christians. I was entertained at Simon Hadley's, only one of the numerous persons of the Hadley name, so prominent in that community. The memories of that work are rich with comfort.

The next field assigned for service was at Sand Creek, where was an academy. Meetings were well attended and good interest manifested, a few conversions and church helped. There I had come a few years previously, from Dublin, Indiana, an entire stranger, save one person. Leaving Elizabethtown in the forenoon, I reached the residence of John Thomas, who sat head of Sand Creek meeting, in December. As I walked into the front yard, he and his hand came out of the house on their way to the barn. "I said, "Is this John Thomas'?" He replied in the affirmative. He was evidently not inclined to give much time to an imagined bookseller with outfit in hand. He kept on his way. I said, "Wait a moment," and presented my credentials. Then he said, "Go in and get dinner,"

which, when over, he said, "What does thee want?" I said, "I am here to have three meetings in this vicinity. I will leave it with thee whether two of them shall be at Sand Creek, and one at Azalia, or vice versa." The result was two at the former place. In these services the Lord greatly blessed me in giving His message, and on returning from the last, John said, "I like this service very much." He was a dear, good man, and on this second service was a strong support to the work. Meetings continued two weeks; then I went to Azalia and had five meetings, in which some opposition to the teaching of entire sanctification was manifested, but victory crowned our efforts. The home of Isaac Lindley, beekeeper, was our place of sojourn.

The third place suggested by David Hadley was East Branch (now Gray meeting), about sixteen miles north of Indianapolis. At the opening here we at once began house-to-house work, with special teaching and testing, whether with converted or unconverted, and many were signally blessed in their own homes. One family refused our having prayer with them. This effort continued three weeks with nearly one hundred conversions, closing with unabated interest.

From East Branch we went to Kokomo Quarterly Meeting, and then to Russiaville, a town of 1,200.

Here we had our home with Jonathan Dixon. Three weeks here resulted in conversions, reconciliations, reclamations and signal victories. During these services an intelligent young man, son of a Baptist minister, attending school in the village, would come at the noon hour and get what he could, which, with the evening services brought him under deep conviction, and he found his way to the altar. Kneeling at his side, I spoke a few words of encouragement, when he inquired if he got converted, would I baptize him. I said sharply to him, "Is that what fills your mind? If so, go back to your seat. What you need is forgiveness; put your energy on that line, and go through," and soon his penitent cry went up to God until victory came, and at once he became a strong factor for the help of others. He said no more about baptism, for he had that which was better, a personal Saviour in Jesus. Many other cases of definite work might be given, but we pass to the next field, Westfield.

The success of the meetings at East Branch, a few miles away, had encouraged the Friends of Westfield to request us to come there. This was one of the largest meetings of Western Yearly Meeting, having several local ministers, among them, Nathan Clark, an honored servant of the Lord. Meetings from the first showed great interest, and

the room was packed every evening. Meetings continued two weeks, giving spiritual uplift to the church, and a small number saved. At the close came Quarterly Meeting. It was my privilege to attend the meeting of Ministry and Oversight. There was a proposition to record a young man for the ministry to which some objected, because he had been baptized. All believed he had a gift, and he said he expected to be loyal to the church; he had good gift of song. After considerable discussion, Nathan Clark asked if the meeting would not be willing to have some remarks from Jacob Baker, to which unanimous consent was given. I said my short acquaintance with him leads me to believe he has a gift in the ministry, to which you all agree, and after promising loyalty to the church, I think you should let the past go, and give him a chance to prove himself. There was consent to his being recorded. He is now a loyal, faithful pastor of a city meeting.

After Quarterly Meeting, I went to Spiceland Quarterly Meeting, which closed a five months' service, which seems to have been honored of God and a lasting comfort to me.

CHAPTER XIX

I REMAINED at Spiceland after Quarterly Meeting five days, taking part in evangelistic meetings, associated with Joseph H. Smith, the noted Holiness Evangelist of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Under his clear Biblical teaching in that large congregation, mostly composed of members of the Friends Church, many were led to a complete consecration and received the one Christian Baptism from the living Christ to whom has been given this prerogative for completeness in Him. In taking a retrospect of this campaign of five months the question naturally arose, what was the secret of success? With a consciousness of no personal merit, but through Divine anointing to preach Christ and Him crucified, the only gospel of God, could be attributed this service. Mankind are made saints not by culture, not by heredity, descent or inheritance, but by being begotten into a living way by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; not of works least any man should boast.

Leaving Spiceland, I had arranged to meet my wife at our son-in-law's, Ezra H. Porter, at Sand

Creek, Michigan. In the preceding autumn I had visited the old home, and on my return to Damascus had taken home with me our only grandchild, Bertha Porter, the only child of E. H. and Florence E. Porter, then eight years of age, to remain with us a few weeks. My long absence in Indiana had made it necessary to prolong her stay until she could be accompanied home under proper care. The dear girl and all were glad to be reunited at the loved hearthstone of a model Christian home on the first of April, 1892. This dear child is now the wife of Morris N. Dillon, of Denver, Colorado. Their lives are dedicated to the service of God at present in the Young Men's Christian Association work, with expectation of transfer to the foreign mission work, in some future day, as the Lord may lead. To them a child is born, a son, our only great-grandchild, now a gem of a boy in his second year.

After a short stay, we returned to Damascus, Ohio, to serve in the gospel where God in His good providence had not yet released us from some measure of oversight, to feed the Church of God over which the Holy Ghost had made us overseer.

In the autumn of 1892 I again attended Kansas Yearly Meeting, having much liberty in gospel service, and there was given a pressing invitation to hold a series of meetings at New Providence, Iowa,

at the close of the holidays, William P. Haworth being pastor of that meeting. At the close of the Yearly Meeting I went to Emporia, Kansas, and was associated with Ellwood Scott in a short effort for souls; then to Kansas City for a week, and then returned to Damascus, taking in the conference at Indianapolis. Soon after I received a unanimous call from the Friends Church at Raisin Center, Michigan, my old home meeting, to be their pastor. Having had no liberty up to this time to leave Damascus, after prayerful consideration, it seemed to be the mind of the Lord that I should accept this call and accordingly, the first Sabbath in December, 1892, found me returned to the place where I was brought up, with the Spirit of the Lord upon me to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, deliverance to the captives, recovering sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, and the acceptable year of the Lord. Here, with small support, I served the church acceptably for many years. In October, I had again attended the Five Years' Conference as a delegate from Ohio Yearly Meeting, where for the first time I discovered a determined effort on the part of a few leading spirits to unite all calling themselves Friends, into one body, even those denying the Deity of Christ, and adopting this motto: "That they all may be

one," they placed it at the head of a prominent publication of the church, as I may have occasion to mention in further allusion to the work of the succeeding five year conferences.

Following the holidays I responded to the call for work at New Providence, being accompanied by Peter Binford, Beloit, Ohio, who was converted under my pastorate at Damascus. We reached the town on Sabbath morning, after an all-night ride, necessitated by failure of anticipated connection, in time for morning service. Here was New Providence Academy, and having no church building, meetings were held in the school building. We had our place of entertainment at David Hunt's daughter's, with whom the father, now an octogenarian, had his home. The school building being occupied during the day, most of the services were confined to the evening, which made it the more free for family visiting during the day. In this work we were accompanied by David Hunt. In association with this veteran of the Cross, we were delighted with his familiarity with and unflinching belief of the inspiration of the Scriptures. He emphatically declared that the Christ of the Bible and of Calvary was not a "spirit Christ," but the Word made flesh, a real person. In a family visit, consisting of husband, wife and four adult daughters, as we entered

I discovered an organ. After a few moments I asked "Uncle David" if he would give us the story of Elisha concerning the "Filling of the ditches. In response, he gave us, almost verbatim, a recital of the narrative. When done, I said, "There is one phrase of Elisha's I hoped thee would have recalled, 'Bring me a minstrel.'" It would seem that during the instrumental music Elisha was getting his message from God, what to do to gain the victory. It seemed impressed upon me to request one of these daughters to use the instrument preparatory to this service. The father was in the background, but ere the close of the service he became broken in spirit and found victory. Meetings continued two weeks, with the church greatly strengthened and a few conversions. David Hunt could not attend at night. One day I felt the need of a message on the Atonement, and gave what I deemed to be the conclusion and only criterion of the whole scheme of redemption, with fresh girding and we had a fresh consciousness of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. David Hunt, at the close, taking me by the hand, remarked, "Jacob, I don't think anybody can accuse thee of making Hicksites." Closing, we were asked to hold a few meetings at a vacant Friends meeting house at Highland. After the first meeting we were invited to dine with a noted critic of the vi-

cinity. At the dinner hour he remarked that "Judas was a devil from the beginning." I kindly remarked on what authority could he claim this; he replied, "The Scriptures." I said, "While I occupy the lounge for a rest, please find the place so as to repeat it when I awake." I said, "That would make Jesus responsible for choosing a devil to the apostleship, and the apostles a devil treasurer. The record says 'the devil entered into him.' He was outside before this." He consented to make the search. After an hour's rest I awoke and he was yet searching, asserting, "It is in the Book, but I can't find it." I felt I must confound him so I said, "I have a conundrum for you: "What is wetter than a woman with a waterfall on her head, a cataract in her eye, a crick in her back, and forty springs in her bustle? A man with a notion (an ocean) in his head." This silenced him, though homely the rebuke.

CHAPTER XX

I HELD five meetings at Highland with good interest, then returned to my pastorate at Raisin Center, Michigan, and was closely engaged during the summer and autumn, having the farm and flock to look after, finding it beneficial often to be occupied in material things as well as spiritual things, one of the essentials to nerve, strength and endurance.

In the autumn of 1892 I was invited to come to Bangor, Iowa, for a series of meetings, Isom Wooten being general superintendent of Iowa Yearly Meeting at that time. There were at Bangor two or three families that had removed from Selma, Ohio, since my three years' pastorate there, who were especially desirous for my services, and made request to Isom Wooten to secure me. He had heard that I had been baptized with water, and said if that be true he could not favor it. Then came to me from the Friends at Bangor the positive question to be answered, yes or no. I immediately replied, "No." Then came a personal invitation from Isom Wooten to come, and he would give me large opportunity. Reaching the field, believing it to be a field of the Lord's opening, I felt courageous for the work.

There was a good interest, and I gave the messages of an uttermost salvation through the death of Jesus on the cross. He gave not only the life that He lived, excellent as that was. It was the blood that was shed that made it possible for sins to be remitted. With the emphasis here, the message tells for conviction. Definite results followed in conversion and sanctification. One instance, that of a young lady teacher, is worthy of notice. Convicted of her personal need of deliverance from the carnal nature, she found her way to an altar. In conversation with her, finding her doubtful how to proceed, I opened my Bible and showed her the first leaf, one side of which completely mixed with varying colors, from black to white, I said, "Sister, one side of this leaf represents the carnal nature; the other, white, signifies the cleansing from all sin. To get this, make your personal, vocal request to God for cleansing by virtue of the shed blood, and he will honor your personal faith, and confirm it by the Holy Ghost, give you a clean heart, and put in you the spirit of obedience, and give Him the privilege of making your future history as you follow Him." She grasped the opportunity, sued for cleansing, made complete consecration, both of the known and the unknown, and found victory, of which her after life gave the assurance.

After a ten days' service came Monthly Meeting, and just after I began speaking on the need of purity, a stranger entered the door and came forward, who was afterward introduced as the Quarterly Meeting superintendent, Ellwood Knight. We were invited to dinner at Pearce Hollingsworth's, the result of which was an urgent request to go to Hartland on closing at Bangor for a series of meetings, Ellwood Knight being pastor of that meeting. In one session my message was on the subject of prayer, remarking that all the records of prayer in the Bible were given in words spoken, even that of Hannah was whispered, and what the church and the individual needed was more vocal prayer, rather than rest so much on silent prayer. Jesus said, "When ye pray, say." This drew out some exceptions, and I could only say the sinner is taught to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," his beginning place, and afterward to pray without ceasing.

In more than one instance Jesus taught prayer. "Avenge me of mine adversary," "Give me three loaves." They could not be silent. The result of the message was much tenderness, and more prayer and personal blessing.

As requested, I went to Hartland next. There was an academy and a large number of young people. There were the Pembertons, Kirbys, Knights,

Tabers, and others. The church was in good condition for a revival from the first, and the congregation good, though the roads were muddy. I had good liberty in preaching, and the young people were very attentive, and the larger part of the unconverted were greatly helped by the faithful young Christians. Among those converted were the three children of the Kirby family. William Kirby, now a very able minister and Bible student, then nine years of age, confided to me in the family home the fact of his call to be a minister, and his determination, with God's help, to make that the choice for his life work. One has only to come in contact with him, and hear him, to find an able minister of the blood of the covenant. Hartland is a spring spot in my work.

One year later the church called for me again for another series of meetings, to which I responded. Again the Lord greatly blessed us. After two weeks of earnest effort, the results of which can not be estimated, we were about to close, when a young man, son of a rich father, who loved the dance and card table, who had attended nearly all the meetings, arose voluntarily and made his way to the stove, took out three packs of cards and put them into the stove, then hurried to the altar, broken-hearted and prayed through. This had such an in-

fluence on his backslidden father that he was renewed and made fresh vows for obedience. During this service I became fully convinced of the efficient pastoral service of Ellwood Knight, now pastor of a meeting of Nebraska Yearly Meeting.

From Hartland I went to Albion and held a few meetings; also attended three meetings held in Friends church for the uncovering of the proceedings of Masonry, manner of initiation, horrid oaths and practices, the whole of which revealed the tap root of selfishness and cast. Pliny Fry was pastor at Albion, a person possessed of large personality in thought and action. From Albion to Minneapolis next, arriving Sixthday evening, entertained at a Mr. Wilson's. I attended Friends church on Sabbath morning and in the evening the mission church on the west side, of which James Pinkham had charge. They had no pastor at that time. Dr. Stuart was one of the local ministers. Julius Mendenhall, a noted florist, took me to his palatial home, where I remained to rest a little. Hesper, Iowa, was the next field of operation. Many of the pioneers of that meeting came from Adrian Quarterly Meeting, Michigan, so I found many old acquaintances of other days. Was entertained at William Westgate's, a minister recorded by Raisin Monthly Meeting, Michigan, before his removal to Hesper. I found

here a people hungry for the full gospel, and for one week, night and day, I was favored to preach the Word, with Divine anointing, and the church was signally blessed in fresh uplifts. From Hesper I returned home, having the abiding assurance of the Lord's keeping and making me a blessing.

CHAPTER XXI

MY ATTENDANCE of Iowa Yearly Meeting at different times opened the way for other service at New Sharon, where I held two series of meetings, with large congregations, Joseph Sopher being the evangelistic superintendent. Another series was held at Bloomfield, about eight miles from Oskaloosa. William Sopher and J. Morris Lemmon were the local ministers. Here were several relatives of John Y. Hoover, quite prominent factors in the local meeting. Here we met with some opposition to holiness as an experience, but truth prevailed and the array of Spiritual testimony brought out through the messages of full salvation, gave us the victory. In these services my wife's presence, and the quietness of her spirit carried great weight on the side of Christ.

Now nearing three score and ten, with constant, continued effort, under a burden for souls, the mirror revealed fast fading locks under long mental strain, and seeking the further will of the Lord. He whispered, "Canst thou now walk and not faint? Thou has been on wings like the eagle and hast run

and not been weary—slow down and not faint.” Since 1893 I have not so largely engaged in revival work, but have itinerated, believing my age and experience had disciplined me for more direct service for the Friends Church, especially for the encouragement of the young.

Soon after my return from Iowa, the Friends of Rollin, Michigan, through a worthy Elder, John T. Comstock, extended to me a call to be with them every other Sabbath, and I responded. This meeting was twenty-one miles from my home, requiring five hours’ ride to reach. But this tour gave me fresh time for meditation, and a sermon could grow into life, to be given fresh and new-born. Sometimes this journey was made Saturday afternoon, sometimes Sabbath morning. How well I remember a journey on Saturday afternoon in October. On nearing the little town of Rome Center, a sudden flash of lightning and deafening thunder came as a surprise, accompanied with thick falling of hail stones. Suddenly my horse became restive, holes were made in the buggy top. It was time to flee for refuge, and an open shed was reached in safety. “Hast thou seen the treasures of hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?”—Job 38:22-23. Severe measures to send one to shelter. Rollin is where, long before,

I had made my public consecration of myself and family, and where I first learned of my mother's consecration of her first-born son, when an infant, to the Lord for the ministry of reconciliation, to be committed to me.

One Sabbath afternoon I was asked to preach in a grove near Rollin, and took for my subject the "New Birth," endeavoring to treat it from both a Scriptural and experimental standpoint, and enlarging on the practical necessity and advantages of this miraculous work of Omnipotence in regeneration, both for time and eternity, but never wrought except by virtue of the blood of the covenant and personal faith toward God for pardon and justification, witnessed to by the Holy Spirit, after which one is really an adopted child of the Father's family, emphasizing the fact of Jesus teaching to Nicodemus that there was a "must" of God in the gift of his son, to precede first in order to reach the "must" of man, for the birth from above. There was a manifest covering of solemnity over the audience, and at the close of the service a hand beckoned me for consultation. A physician and his wife had listened from their carriage, and approaching him he grasped my hand, exclaiming, "Your message reached my heart; it was Godsent. I have been deluded with the false philosophy of the mutilated

messages of man-made salvation by works, denying the Lord that brought me. You have cleared away the blinding force of unbelief, and I accept Jesus as my Saviour." Here was the confirmation that the Word of the Lord does not return unto Him void, but does accomplish that whereto He sends it. The six months' services at Rollin proved a blessing to us all and was owned of God.

Here I am reminded of another grove meeting, at Upland, Indiana, several years previous to the above. A notice of a meeting in a grove, published in the *Christian Worker*, then a Friends publication, at New Vienna, Ohio, caught my notice, and I said to my wife, "I feel like the Lord would have me attend it." Accordingly I took the train in August and reached Hartford City at midnight, five miles from Upland, going to a hotel for rest. In the morning I found I could get no train till late in the afternoon, too late for the opening of the grove meeting, so I took to my feet up the track with my heavy grip in hand. The weather was intensely warm, and I reached the grove just at the time for the meeting to open. There was just one man that I had met before, David Walthall. He at once directed me to the stand and introduced me to the audience. After the first session I was put in charge. During the night following I had a severe attack of

summer complaint, threatening to disqualify me for further service. In this extremity I felt clear to call on the Lord for healing, and made supplication in definite plea for healing, which came in answer to the prayer of faith. The result was, I was able for work to the close. This was one of the factors in the establishing of a Friends meeting at Upland. Those were the days when oftentimes workers received little or no financial aid; the latter was my experience. That contribution of my service was free gospel work, except railroad fare, to the amount of \$15, which I paid for the privilege of preaching in Upland.

Imagine my surprise, when twenty-seven years afterward a postal came one day asking for my address, saying, "I have seen thy name in the Friends papers, and wish to know where to address thee." I at once gave the information, without knowing what it meant. Two weeks later came a letter, and on opening it I found a ten dollar bill, with this statement: "Thee may remember thy attendance of a grove meeting at Upland twenty-seven years ago. It was my privilege to attend that meeting, and I felt prompted at the time to give thee five dollars, but did not do it, and have felt condemned whenever I have seen thy name mentioned. Enclosed find ten dollars; use it for thy family need or for the Lord's

work." This surprise came just as I was about to leave my home on a gospel errand, and I sent a letter of grateful thanks to the donor, commending him to the obedience of the promptings of the Spirit. It has not been my privilege again to meet the donor nor visit Upland again. I have a drawing that way, if in the good providence of God I may find it right.

Surely goodness and mercy have and shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

CHAPTER XXII

PREVIOUS to June, 1893, I had secured board and entertainment through William Wooten, of Chicago, for ten days, for five persons, viz.: Jacob Baker and wife, their daughters, Clara E. Baker and Florence E. Porter; also her husband, Ezra H. Porter, with the prospect of attending the World's Fair. As will be remembered, William Wooten had conceived the idea that many Friends would need a commodious and congenial home while attending that great exposition, the great purpose of which was to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the western continent, as well as the march of civilization and progress. Accordingly, he had erected an edifice for that purpose, and though not entirely completed when we arrived on June 10, we were allotted rooms where sound sleep and bodily necessities were provided for, the keen demands of tired heads, strained eyes and weary feet. We were twelve miles from the fair grounds, going and returning daily on the Illinois Central suburban trains. My first visit to Chicago was in December, 1853, and now after forty years to be

permitted to view the world's progress in material things, I deemed but a permissive Providence that might be to His glory. To walk daily among the people of many lands, and the product of all zones, the images that told that all people feel the absolute need of some kind of a God was indeed a lesson worthy of note, and to a thoughtful mind it might foster the necessity of the knowledge of the one only true God, and Jesus Christ. Oh, how many human beings have been used by God, so much better than they knew. When Columbus planted the cross on the little island of the western hemisphere, he little knew what four hundred years would develop, and yet the earth had been a globe all the preceding centuries, but unyielding perseverance made the discovery, and when one walked day after day among the products of the marvelous application of the material ready at hand, for every human need in the realm of nature, and then beyond and infinitely above in the spiritual realm, how fitting to have discovered Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever, and through Him the material for the manufacture of a human saint. As you walked through this earthly "White City" of Chicago you could muse upon the city that is to come, where even the people are clothed in white, for they are worthy; then what a Divine display

of divine beauty. In Chicago the receipts were inadequate to meet the outlay. In the city that is to come you can enter in through the gates, the entrance fee having been paid by another in advance. I felt we were not there for what sight revealed, but to draw spiritual lessons from life's work and the Master's use in the years to come. The mammoth enterprise of bringing together the world's products, and representatives of so many classes of humanity, surely gave the opportunity for great study of God's resources, from which man the creature has the privilege to draw.

How much the significance. The earth is the Lord's and fulness thereof. Each division of the human race with its peculiar characteristics had its own distinctive features. The cliff dwellers, their strange idea of a home, the Mound Builders, a strange industry,—every shade of complexion, from the jet black to the snowy white, from many lands told the sublime lesson, "In wisdom hast Thou made them all." The forestry with distinct identity of the marvelous varieties of tree and shrub, fruits in perfection, flowers in their beauty, birds of splendid plumage, fish from the salt sea and the fresh inland lake. God's wonders of the deep, grains of wheat and other grain, each in its own body that God planned for it. Truly Ecclesiastes the Preacher

might well say, "All things are full of honor, man can not utter it, the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." Oh, no, back of seeing and hearing is the Designer who would have us satisfied and filled with Him who built all things. My readers may ask why have I not written more in detail of that which was on exhibition. I can only reply, the things that are seen are temporal—the things that are not seen are eternal. Those ten days were days hard on the body but great in the comprehension of God's designs in the material world, and an object lesson of His beneficent hand in making provision for the capabilities of His noblest creation—man—putting him in charge of the Eden He had made.

Before returning we visited the stock yards and Lincoln Park and a few other places of interest. It was indeed a special delight to have our family share in this tour of inspection. Once more at the one center of activities (the family home) we had a fund for thought for the remainder of life's journey.

My gospel service now turned with interest to the city of Adrian. It had been my privilege to be well informed of its history. The territory on which the city is built was purchased from the government by Addison J. Comstock, son of Darius Comstock, a pioneer Friend of Raisin Valley. The son became

a prosperous business man, and it seems likely if Friends at that time had been as earnest for church extension as the case demanded, there would have been an organized Friends church there at an early day, but this was not the case. A. J. Comstock, after a number of years, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. As the city grew, several members of Friends settled in the city. About 1890, D. B. Updegraff, of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, held a short series of meetings in the Methodist church in the city. This earnest herald of the cross made deep impressions on many souls, and quite a number were brought into better experience, among them Loren G. Bird, a Methodist class leader; Major J. H. Cole, a noted evangelist; James Berry, large lumber merchant; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cole, and several others. These made a demand and opened the way for me to hold some meetings, on Sabbath afternoon, sometimes in a cottage, or J. Berry's lumber office, and later in the Protestant Methodist Chapel, where we had many blessed seasons of refreshing. We had yet no organized church. Later, L. L. Cushing offered his residence for meetings, and I was asked to take charge, which I did, and the interest grew. The Friends asked me to serve them as pastor, with regular Sabbath service. This resulted in the establishing of a Monthly Meeting. Three years of pas-

toral work found a membership of about sixty. I have not given dates, not having the correct data at hand. After three years' residence in the city we returned to the farm at Raisin Center to occupy our long-cherished home.

The Lord's sustaining grace has been equal to the daily need, and to Him belongs the honor.

CHAPTER XXIII

AT OHIO Yearly Meeting in 1895, my wife and myself were appointed delegates to attend the opening of California Yearly Meeting, to take place in March, 1896. On February 5 we left Raisin Center, the mercury being sixteen degrees below zero, our route being over the Wabash Railroad to Kansas City, then via the Santa Fee. On reaching Kansas City at 9 a. m. next day it was quite moderate. Our train was to leave there at 2 p. m. While waiting, the weather bulletin indicated the approach of a cold wave. Before reaching Topeka, a severe blizzard struck us with a strong wind and extremely cold, accompanied with very little snow. Our coach had a good stove in each end, but it was impossible to keep warm. At Topeka they gave us a new coach, but even then within one seat of the stove we suffered. We had planned to stop off a few days at Emporia and had written our friends to meet us on the arrival of our train at 6 p. m., but being two hours late we found no one, so went across the street to a hotel for the night. Next morning was clear with the mercury fifteen degrees below zero. I went

up town and found our friends, who failed to get our postal. We soon learned they were arranging to go to California for a home. These were Oliver and Margaret Smith, who were our staunch friends at Selma, Ohio, many years before. We remained at Emporia till the next Monday evening, holding a few meetings, doing some family visiting and renewing old acquaintances, for I had held two series of successful meetings there several years before. We had secured a berth in a tourist car, and on boarding the train were soon conducted to our apartments, and were very comfortably provided for.

Again that night another cold wave came down from the Rockies, and when we reached La Junta at 10 a.m. next day, the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero. All through Colorado we were moving in the teeth of the wintry blast. At La Junta four hoboes, lodging in a box car, were found frozen to death in the morning. Reaching Albuquerque, New Mexico, at midnight, snow was falling fast. Striking what was called when I was a school boy, "The Great American Desert," a new comprehension of what a real desert means came to us. A treeless, plantless waste, neither bird, beast nor man for a thousand miles, interspersed with lava beds. No inhabitants save a family or two, at the railroad stations.

On reaching Arizona we passed through belts of timber and some fertile soil. We did not forget the warning the trainmen gave us as we neared Flagstaff, to look well to our baggage, for this place is infested with thieves. A trainman stood at each end of the coach to guard us, but no harm came. A devil's canyon, the Needles, and the rocky backbone of North America, to new tourists was constantly enlisting attention. Eastern California, half desert, only gave a few scattering palms, and the bunches of cactus, so closely woven together that there was little of the beautiful to enchant the eye. On arriving at Barstow Junction, on Thursday noon, the thermometer registered sixty above. Passing down the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas we arrived at San Bernardino at 2 p. m., and here we discovered some green grass, for the first a scene very refreshing, and soon came our first sight of the orange groves. To one who has never beheld an orange grove the scene tells of indescribable beauty. While passing through "Lucky" Baldwin's ranch the conductor picked some and gave them to us. Live oaks and English walnut orchards abound in this valley.

Arriving at Pasadena at 6 p. m. Thursday, we were met at the depot by Charles Tebbetts and conducted to a friend, a Mr. Woods, where we were ready for a night's rest. Supper being over we were invited

out on the lawn, amid hedgerows of calla lilies and gold of Opher roses in full bloom, a pleasant and wide contrast with what we had when ten days ago we left our home. We had seen old Baldy, the snow-capped mountain, on every side of us since nine o'clock in the morning, and were now at the foothills of Mount Lowe and Mount Wilson. Pasadena being largely a residence city, situated in the valley, is a most delightful town, nine miles from Los Angeles. Before retiring we were informed that a new Quarterly Meeting was to be set up at Whittier, and the meeting for Ministry and Oversight was next day at 10 a.m. So we went there and had our entertainment at William K. Green's, whose wife was a cousin of my wife. This became our headquarters while in California. Whittier Quarterly Meeting being over, John Henry Douglas invited me to join him in a few days' meeting in Whittier, which I did, up to Friday. The next week Pasadena Quarterly Meeting came, which we attended, a large and spiritual gathering.

After a few days' rest, and some family visits, we went in company with Mrs. William K. Green to Redlands, about sixty miles up the valley. William Green's only son lived there, and the Van Wyck Underwood family, who came from Michigan, and were members of Adrian Quarterly Meeting. We

were conducted about the city and surrounding country, where some of the most fruitful orange groves are situated. Among the most delightful spots was the "Smiley Heights," a high tableland to the south of Redlands, which overlooks the city. The twin Smiley brothers had procured eighty acres four years before and improved it with a view to making it their winter quarters. Their summer residence was in New York. Now after four years they had a complete landscape garden, with winding driveways, and pools, rustic rest chairs, trees of every species from many lands, orange groves, now well in bearing, and two stately mansions. One of them has since died; the other, Albert, has his home at Lake Mohawk, New York, the proprietor of an extensive hotel, and an earnest advocate of universal peace.

Returning to Whittier after a few days' rest, we were invited to Philip Chase's, at Los Angeles, (an old acquaintance at Adrian) who had a ranch ten miles out. While there I was invited to preach at Penial Hall, and at a Baptist church, which I did. At the former place a man came, voluntarily, to the altar and was saved. While there we took a trip to Santa Monica, on the sea shore, a town of two thousand, beautifully situated. Also visited the Soldiers' Home.

On returning to Los Angeles, we visited the Chamber of Commerce and the Citrus Fair. The former had on exhibition the best specimens of vegetables, grains, raisin grapes, some clusters eighteen inches long. The Citrus Fair was the united show of four counties, of semi-tropical fruits, such as oranges, lemons, grape fruit, apricots, figs, olives and various other varieties. While my wife and I were examining this extensive and beautifully arranged display, a gentleman accosted me with the inquiry, "Isn't this Brother Baker?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "I heard you preach at the Friends Quarterly Meeting in Pasadena and also at the Free Methodist Church. I am a retired Baptist minister, but I wanted to tell you I have not heard so much real gospel in forty years."

CHAPTER XXIV

RETURNING from Los Angeles to Whittier, after a few days' rest, we visited Elmodena, being there over the Sabbath. This little hamlet, situated at the foothills in the valley, with artificial water courses for irrigation, is a very fruitful field. The meeting at that time seemed weak, both in numbers and spiritual freedom, John Bond, a minister of considerable ability, escorted us about. On Sabbath evening he took us to Villa Park, where in the midst of orange, olive and lemon orchards sat a cozy house of worship. I think a mission station for general gospel services where Friends had some share in the work. There was a good audience and a very good meeting.

While there, seeing at the top of one of the adjacent hills a half-mile in height, a flagstaff from which trembling in the breeze, was the "Star Spangled Banner," otherwise "Old Glory," I became ambitious of scaling its height and viewing the landscape from center to the sea. A curious eye from the valley might have discovered a lone figure on the upward way over a devious pathway, slowly

plodding through a stony and thorny trackless stairway to its highest height, weary but victorious. There to take from the center all around to the sea the enchanting scene. Now come the vast and varied beauties of land and sea, amply rewarding the effort of wholesome ambition.

Our next point was Alamitos, where was a live body of Friends, of whom Ella C. Veeder was pastor. Aunt Susan Becket and her crippled husband, John, royally entertained us, very real Christians. Oh, how precious it is to enter a hospitable home in a strange land! We were there several days enjoying their meeting and Sunday school and taking an eight-mile trip to the seashore in company with a number of others, partaking of a picnic dinner under the sound of the restless ocean waves. On our return we saw a lone shepherd and his dog with his three thousand sheep feeding on the plains; and the fold where they were herded for the night; and this the sole occupation for ten months of the year, giving his life for the sheep. The next move was across the country. I think about 22 miles enroute to Long Beach, on a Sabbath afternoon. It was now sheep-shearing time, and as the custom was, the Indians were at their shearing and packing, the latter done by hanging a very long sack fastened to poles at the top, thrusting in the wool and then a

barefooted Indian after it to tread and pack to its utmost capacity. Further on we passed through ten thousand acres of barley all out in head (about March 20), with no regular highway except the winding roadway, fenceless, and to sight, boundless. Reaching Long Beach near sunset, we were entertained at a Mr. Wilson's. Mary Brown was pastor here. Announcement had been given that I would be at Friends meeting that evening.

The house was full, and I had good liberty in preaching, the subject being "The Fullness of Salvation." When I closed, immediately a man back in the congregation, apparently fifty years of age, sprang to his feet and made his way to the platform and seized me by the hand and exclaimed: "Thank God for a man that has courage enough to preach the truth." We had an interview with him next day. We had several days here and greatly enjoyed the hard, level driveway for miles at the water's edge. Here we met Dr. Stuart, of Minneapolis, a Friend minister, who was spending the winter at the coast.

San Pedro is one of the most noted harbors on the Pacific, lying a short distance away; we planned, in company with Dr. Stuart, to spend a day at that place, gathering shells, etc., and took the early train for that purpose. Immediately we found a small

company of Friends on board for a trip to Catalina Island. Among them, L. Maria Dean and Mary Thomas, and her daughter, Esther, of Iowa. Nothing would satisfy them until they got our consent to accompany them. After consulting Dr. Stuart, and finding the vessel would not leave till two o'clock, we assented. Our time was occupied in the selection of shells of many varieties. Soon after leaving the wharf at San Pedro, with a gentle breeze and a calm sea, L. Maria Dean said to me, "How nice it would be to span the Pacific on a voyage like this." I replied, "Ten thousand miles like this would be very monotonous." Two hours later her face gave sign of sea-sickness, so dreaded by many. Reminding her of her expression, I said to her, "How about it now?" She replied, "If the Lord will forgive me for this, I will never try it again." Though not a rough sea, many were deathly sick. My wife and I were not affected in the least. Toward sunset we sighted Avalon Bay and Sugar Loaf Rock and soon reached the dock. We were escorted to a hotel, where we fared sumptuously, our hostess doing finely. Here old ocean has its clearest waters, and here was the largest display of the world's sea curios known, but too costly for the common traveler. Catalina Island belonged to the British Empire; its forests and mountains are the home of

wild goats. Returning next day, we arrived at Whittier for another rest till the opening of the Yearly Meeting.

My wife and I were the advance guard of the delegates of various American Yearly Meetings, but they were now coming in numbers, and an evening was set apart to welcome the delegates. Dr. William Nicholson presided. His address of welcome was lively, lovely and spicy, followed with some additions by Ella C. Veeder, in which much emphasis was put on their ability to supply liberally all keen appetites for chicken. Responses were given by a member of each delegation, and when Ohio was reached, my response was, "I come from a Yearly Meeting that has not only a full supply of chickens, but we have a fair supply of ducks, their feathers so full of oil that they neither are water-soaked nor in danger of being drowned." This meeting and greeting was most cordial and free, a good token of real fellowship as manifested in the establishment of another spiritual household of faith.

The Friends of California in 1896 were a strong, capable, spiritual body, and the setting up of the Yearly Meeting was a notable occasion for Southern California. From the first session to the close its influence was great, not only upon its membership, but also upon the entire community. At the

session which had for consideration the Sunday Schools, a half-hour was assigned to a four-cornered talk, that is, four persons had each seven and a half minutes. I was selected as one of them. I took the authenticity of the Bible, concluding by reciting the following:

The great Jehovah speaks to us,
In Genesis and Exodus.
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans the sheaf with trembling hand.
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Where Chronicles they wondrous bear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther, the beauteous mourner show.
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach us scattered alms.
Ecclesiastes then comes on
With the sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah, then
With Lamentations take the pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel Hosea, lyres,
Joel, Amos, Obadiah.
Jonah, Micah, Nahum come
And Habakkuk find ample room.
Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Wrapt Zechariah builds the walls.
And Malachi with garments rent,
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

CHAPTER XXV

ONE other incident in our service in California Yearly Meeting may be mentioned, a desire that I should deliver a temperance address having been expressed, I had consented to give it if way could be made for it. Evidently there was an element in the meeting that did not care to have it. One of the leading members, occupying the position of county clerk, elected by the Republican party under the license policy, it being his business to sign the license, so it was staved off till Seventhday evening at a late hour. I took my usual text for a foundation, viz.: "The thistle that was in Lebanon, sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, 'Give thy daughter to my son to wife.'" II Kings 14:9. Being hurried for time, I had to boil it down, but emphasized the fact that though repugnant to good sense, that the proffered hand of the thistle had been accepted by Christian civilization wherever the license system was in vogue, the marriage made legal, certificate issued with two signatures as witnesses, the certificate placed on record and a duplicate being in the place of business, the marriage

fee paid, to be repeated every year, and the saloon and civilization were keeping house together under protection of law. Such an alliance was justifying the wicked for reward, an abhorrent evil in the sight of God. We must reap what we were sowing. It stuck and there was some squirming, but it is gladness to know that Friends of California have waked up and declared their united repugnance of the license system.

Upon the close of the Yearly Meeting, a Friend, a brother of Joseph Briggs, of Winthrop Center, Maine, invited my wife and myself to join them in a country ride along Rivera Boulevard, a distance of five miles to the west of Whittier, running north and south. Our route took us past the ruins of Governor Pico's palace, made of adobe, or unburned brick; then past the battlefield where John C. Fremont and Governor Pico met in conflict, the latter being routed and conquered. We now enter the boulevard, a macadamized road, lined continuously with orange, English walnut, and lemon groves, a picturesque view of one of the best portions of the fruitful valley. Running parallel with the highway was a large conduit for irrigation, which, with perfect cultivation of these ranches, made the scene a delight. Our coachman pointed out a particular orange grove of two and a half

acres, owned by a retired Methodist minister who sold his orange crop on the trees for two thousand and five hundred dollars. "I can verify it, if necessary," he said.

Our next plans were for return homeward, but soon came a letter, addressed to me, from a lawyer of Pomona, saying: "I heard you speak seven and a half minutes last Friday at the Friends Yearly Meeting on the Sunday School. Now we want you at Pomona for some meetings. We have been having some lectures here that are likely to lead our young people away from the Bible and revealed religion, and we would be glad if, as soon as you rest a little, you could come and give at least services for a few days." I took this letter to Thomas Armstrong, pastor of Friends Church at Whittier. Reading it, he said, "Such a call should be noticed." There were but six days before we must leave for home. I said, "If thee will go with me, I will go for a few days." We telephoned to him and waited till next day to get an answer. When the reply came he said, "Just now we are engaged until next Monday in a campaign to vote out the saloons, and some later time would be better." Consequently, the subject had to be dropped.

On the ninth of April we left Whittier for San Francisco in company with Jesse Hawkins and

wife, of New Burlington, Ohio, delegates from Wilmington Yearly Meeting. We tarried but one day, taking in a trip to Golden Gate, Crystal Palace, Seal Rock, and Golden Gate Park, and a visit to Chinatown, all very interesting. Next day, leaving by way of Sacramento, Ogden and Salt Lake City, where we stopped off a day and took in the Mormon Temple grounds, the Tabernacle, Mormon schools, the Bee Hive, headquarters for their apostles, and Brigham Young's grave; also the military fort just north of the city. Salt Lake, to the Mormons, is the Dead Sea of their Holy Land, a small lake above it the Sea of Galilee, and a small stream connecting them, their Jordan—Utah their Paradise. Our further route led through Leadville, Colorado Springs, Kansas City, St. Louis, reaching home April 16, 1896, weary and worn, but we were grateful for the Lord's keeping power and presence over mountain and valley, desert and fruitful field, by day and by night.

Home—who can tell it, the central spot of all the earth, the inner circle of domestic activities, the trysting place of peaceful shelter, the reunion of kindred so long unbroken by the enemy of life. Who does not thank God for such a tarrying place! Back to daily duties, to home church, not all beautiful “sunshine,” but it is the “Homeland.”

What did it mean away back yonder to yield to the Master's call? A wide field of service, a large measure of sacrifice, a consciousness of being a rich blessing to multitudes, a very large acquaintance of congenial spirits, an honest pride for our loved Friends Church, and the high privilege of telling the "Old, Old Story of Jesus and His Love, of Jesus and the Blood of Jesus and His Word." Yes, and the abiding Comforter, consecration the human part, Spirit filling God's part, giving hinds feet, fleet-footed for the race, patience for the running establishment in the things of the Kingdom. Oh, what results hinged on the choice of a moment and the path of obedience!

Let my brethren and sisters in the ministry of the gospel give earnest heed to the ministry of reconciliation; the goods are not yours—they are your Employer's; you are the commission merchant to handle them for Him. May great grace be upon you.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE year 1897 was largely occupied in pastoral service at Raisin Center, Michigan, my old home meeting. This being the year for another Five Years Conference, at Ohio Yearly Meeting, I was appointed chairman of the delegation to attend the conference to be held in Indianapolis, commencing October 19, at 7: 30 p. m. Having attended the two preceding conferences, I had become pretty well acquainted with many of the leading Friends of the several Yearly Meetings. These meetings at first were simply for conference and advisory discussion with no legislative authority, and there had been a very large evidence of healthful fellowship and mutual helpfulness. It was at this conference of 1897 there began to develop a wish on the part of some that it might be clothed in some measure with legislative power. This became more evident at the beginning by an Address on "Should Future Conferences have Legislative Authority?" by Rufus M. Jones, followed by a paper by Edmund Stanley on "A Uniform Discipline for the American Yearly Meetings." Both of these addresses were

calculated to prepare the conference for a move forward on these lines. Previous to this, each Yearly Meeting had its own discipline, only differing in some minor details in disciplinary procedure, and each regarded the Yearly Meeting as the highest authority for decisions and counsel. From some of the Yearly Meetings there came requests for some measure to be taken by this conference toward such a union of our Yearly Meetings as would "tend to protect them from common danger, and to strengthen their joint participation in Christian work." Being one of the business committee to assist in the arrangement of the decisions of the conference we prepared such conclusions as seemed to be reached in the proceedings. We were forced to affirm that it was desirable to proceed to the preparation of a discipline to be submitted to the various Yearly Meetings for their consideration, which resulted in the appointment of a committee of two from each Yearly Meeting to formulate such a model. When accomplished and presented to the several Yearly Meetings, in many places much opposition to its acceptance developed, and in some of the meetings was only carried by a small plurality. In many respects the Uniform Discipline was a long step aside from the old standard, and became a perplexity as to its application. Any desirable change in it

must take from five to eight years, with a cumbersome detail and with a probable defeat. Such were some of the reasons given by those not favorable to its adoption.

Among the important actions of the conference of 1897 was the unanimous adoption of the following resolution, viz.: "In the activities of 'Modern Thought,' new questions are constantly presented to the church; among these are those growing out of what is called 'Higher Criticism,' and upon these true Christians desire to take correct positions. We desire to have the absolute truth of God, and we approve of true scholarship that is consecrated to the service of God to correct the text of the Scriptures; and we rejoice in all the investigations that aid in the true understanding of the Word; but we wish to condemn the frequent attempts to attack the integrity of the Scripture and to undermine their authority, which varying forms of unbelief make upon the canon under the cloak of 'Higher Criticism,' and which work very serious injury to those who are misled by them.

"It sometimes requires a highly intelligent and sanctified judgment to detect the purpose of these attempts, and our church demands of its qualified members that they give diligent attention to these and warn our members against them.

"We can not too earnestly advise the members of the church at large to reject all claims of authority for changes of any form or character in the recognized versions until these are confirmed by the consensus of Christian scholarship."

That such a statement was unanimously adopted and placed in the minutes of the conference was and is a strong proof of its estimate of the sacred Word, and subsequent developments affirm the wisdom of that body in their declarations as representatives of the Friends Church.

In the face of such a united stand it is no marvel that certain utterances of more recent date should inspire spiritual zeal for the defense of the faith of our fathers, based on the Atonement, purchased by the Word made flesh, on the Calvary Cross, giving Himself a ransom from sin and its pollution. The writer in a personal interview with one of these modern "Free Thinkers," who occupies a prominent position in a Friends college, in the Biblical Department, drew from him a denial of a personal devil; also the substitutionary sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross, and the claim that the Scriptures contradict themselves, and that he has a right to put his own construction upon the Inspired Word.

"Joshua told the people God would not forgive

their sins, and Paul taught forgiveness of sins, that the Scriptures are not all inspired, for some are the words of the devil," and then he quoted Satan's words to God about Job. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," quoting from a person (according to his theory) that never was, nor is. I heard the same man preach from the "theme," "The Making of a Man." From the first to last there was no mention made of sin, or salvation, Christ or the Holy Spirit, the new birth or prayer, or confession, and no citation to the Holy Scriptures. These are no second-hand statements. A young man, after that service, walking behind us on the street, was heard to remark, "If I could not do a better job than that, I would quit the business."

The writer would think that holy men would certainly be inspired to record Satan's lies as well as God's truth, and the work of a personal devil, as well as a personal Saviour, and a place named "Heaven," and a place named by Jesus Christ as "Hell."

Is it strange that when these phases of unbelief are boldly handed out to the public, other holy men should bestir themselves to meet these heady, high-minded theorists, with "Thus saith the Lord?"

God bless them with His wisdom and their devotion to real gospel truth, and give them boldness

to declare all the words of this life in the sweetness of perfect love and the firmness of faith and definite disclosure of every false prophet that prophesies lies. An up-to-date alertness on the part of the Lord's anointed is absolutely important when God's own are maligned, and sacrilegious utterances made concerning God's claim to the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, so repeatedly proclaimed by Himself in the Old and New Testaments of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And may the next Five Years' Meeting of the American Friends Church demand allegiance to the Scriptures and their former utterances as given above.

CHAPTER XXVII

FOR the next three years my Gospel service was largely within the compass of our own Quarterly Meeting. I attended the rededication of Friends Church at Lupton, Ogemaw County, Michigan. It had been my privilege to participate in the dedication services when it was first erected, a mile in the country, north of the village of Lupton. As the village grew, and many of the members of the church resided there it was a necessity to accommodate all, so it was decided that it should be removed, which met with united approval. The edifice was now a convenient and commodious structure, and the dedication was a matter of more than ordinary interest in the community. Lupton meeting has had its testings, but has survived them, and God is blessing His own.

The year 1901 was to our household a marked epoch in the celebration of our fiftieth wedding anniversary. This event was reported and published in the *Tri-Weekly Telegram*, of Adrian, Michigan, bearing date of May 14, 1901. I will let it speak for us, for that joyous occasion:



JACOB BAKER AND WIFE

“Very rarely is the opportunity afforded to attend a golden wedding, for this age of hurried living often results in untimely death. Yet on Wednesday, May 8, about fifty-five friends and relatives of Reverend Jacob Baker and his wife, Phila A., had the privilege of gathering at their pleasant home in Raisin, to celebrate with them the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Although the morning was cloudy the sun soon dispelled the mist, and by 11 o'clock most of the guests arrived and found sunshine within the house, and without as well.

“White and gold were the colors used in the decorations. Yellow tulips and white jonquils were tastefully arranged, while mantel draperies of the same shade were found in the sitting room and dining room. Above the windows in the large parlor, the yellow and white were gracefully festooned, and here and there a spray of smilax added to the beauty.

“After much persuasion, the bride of fifty years donned her wedding gown, which was of changeable blue and white silk. It was wonderfully well preserved, as is also its owner.

“Two loved daughters, Miss Clara E. Baker, of Raisin, and Mrs. E. H. Porter, of Fruit Ridge, are faithful to their parents in their declining years. They met at the old home for this happy day. One

granddaughter, Miss Bertha Porter, also gladdens the hearts of the dear ones, and was with them on this eventful anniversary.

“In the families of both bride and groom, seven brothers and sisters grew to manhood and womanhood. Of these, three sisters of the bride, and two brothers and three sisters of the groom were present, and of the fourteen families, all but three were represented in person. Letters were received from many absent ones. Mr. Baker’s brother in Tennessee, and Mrs. Baker’s sister in Washington, D. C., were unable to be present on account of the long distance. Dinner was served at 12:30. Ample provision had been made for the comfort of the guests. Small tables were carried to the rooms and all partook of the abundant repast.

“The favors were tiny books, tied with ribbon and bearing on one side in gold letters the words ‘Fifty years,’ and on the other the dates, 1851-1901.

“The gifts were costly, beautiful and substantial, including several gold coins. Immediately after the refreshments, there were songs, and an original poem by Clara A. Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Baker, of Allen, Michigan, and niece of Reverend and Mrs. Baker.

“Then Mr. Baker in well-chosen words, thanked the friends and relatives for the good cheer which

their presence brought. He said that in 1865, when he built the house where he now lives, some one asked him why he built it so large for his small family. He replied, 'So that I may entertain my friends.' Right royally were they entertained May 8, 1901. Later, Mrs. J. D. Baker, of Allen, read a personal tribute to this dear brother and sister, who for several years gave her a home and loving care.

"For nearly sixty years Reverend Baker has lived near his present home, most of the time, for thirty-six years, on the farm where he now resides.

"He is a man of sterling character, and with his faithful wife, has labored these long years for right living, at home and abroad. For nearly a score of years he has preached for the people at Raisin Center, meantime carrying on the work of the farm. His tender ministry will not be forgotten.

"Although his hair is a little grayer than fifty years ago, we can say from the heart, 'The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.' Long may these true hearts live to bless those with whom they mingle."

The original poem, composed and read by Clara A. Baker, my dearly beloved niece, is so unique and appropriate, I subjoin it below:

There's a chain of golden brightness,
Made of fifty links so strong;
Every link is set with jewels,
And the chain is bright, and long.

Fifty years ago this May time,
In yon house upon the hill,
Two brave hearts began the making,
Of the chain unbroken still.

Every year a link's been added,
Making up the chain of life,
Life together of the dear ones,
Noble husband, faithful wife.

Could we know the joys and sorrows,
That have come with passing years;
Could we see the many burdens,
All the trials, and all the tears.

We could count them up and reckon,
That their lives have been well spent,
That our Father, up in Heaven,
Unto earth a blessing sent.

When He placed them here together,
To work out His noble plan,
Of a home where true love reigneth,
Now, as when it first began.

Fifty years ago this morning,
Birds sang out their sweetest lays,
All the air was filled with perfume,
'Twas the brightest of May days.

As the two who loved each other,
Stood together, without fear,
And before their God in Heaven,
And the friends to them so dear,

Promised to take each the other,
Take in sickness, and in health,
Take for worse, or for the better,
And in poverty or in wealth.

To protect, and love, and cherish,
Until death their lives shall part,
So they gave to each the other,
Gave the hand, and gave the heart.

Dear ones, was that happy morning
Any happier than today;
Did the birds sing any sweeter,
Were your hearts a bit more gay?

Was your love then, any stronger,
Than the love you have today,
After fifty years of testing,
As you've journeyed on life's way?

No, your lives have told the story,
And today your faces tell,
That the chain that you've been making,
Every link has been made well.

Fifty years of home together,
Fifty years of joy and peace,
Fifty years of life's true living,
Years of love, that ne'er shall cease.

Many now who then were with you,
To a better land have gone,
There to live the bright forever,
There to sing the glad new song.

In that home of light and glory,
Waiting, watching you with joy,
There are brothers, there are sisters,
And the long-lost baby boy.

But your friends, on earth, are many,
For new friends have come to you;
See the children, true and faithful,
And the grandchild, just as true.

Count the nephews and the nieces,
And their children, glad and free,
Then the brothers, and the sisters,
Of the long ago will be

E'en more dear than when in childhood,
You together played, or when
They became young men, and women,
Tho' most dear they were e'en then.

Oh, these friendships; how they strengthen,
How they brighten life's long chain,
How they make the life worth living,
How they bring back youth again.

Time brings changes, but the friendships,
That were formed in days long past,
Will be cherished, fondly cherished,
E'en as long as life shall last.

And as now we've met together,
On this golden wedding day,
We would ask for Heaven's blessing,
For the choicest, we would pray.

To descend and rest upon us,
On that man, and woman true,
Who so long have walked together,
Sweetly walked life's journey through.

May the chain that they've been making
Bright and ever brighter grow,
Till our Father up in Heaven,
Calls them from this earth below.

Then when meetings and the partings,
Of our life on earth shall end,
When the trials all are over,
And the blessings God shall send.

When the mourning and the laughter,
When the weddings shall be o'er,
When God's children, gather homeward,
To be happy ever more.

May we one and all be present
At the marriage over there,
In that bright Eternal City,
Where all things are bright and fair.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ON MAY 9, 1901, the day following our golden wedding, in returning the tables, chairs and dishes to the city, I was caught in a cold rain and took a heavy cold, which developed muscular rheumatism, and constant suffering for six months. I had a few days preceding this secured from my Monthly and Quarterly Meeting proper credentials to attend in the love of the Gospel, New York and New England Yearly Meetings, and some other service therein. Apparently this would have to be given up, and my friends suggested that course. With much prayer, seeking wisdom from above, I felt willing to make the effort, with the care and companionship of my devoted wife. After consulting two physicians, who were intimate friends, who advised delay, I said to them, "There can be no delay for this service, if it is possible for us to make the trip." Both expressed the belief that plenty of sunshine would give relief. Believing the grace of the Lord would sustain me, we made ready for the journey. The weather was unusually cold and damp, and on reaching Buffalo, it was still unfavorable, and during several hours of waiting for our

train to Schenectady, my suffering was very keenly felt, and testing to faith. On reaching Schenectady at 2:30 in the morning, we could get no train till 7 a. m. Those hours were slow and painful, but borne trustfully and patiently, with strong faith in God. We reached Glen Falls and took a hack for Friends Church, arriving just as the opening hymn was being sung.

I had attended that Yearly Meeting in 1878, the first time it was held at Glens Falls. On entering the house I was welcomed and seated on the platform, and attended all the sessions, day and night, though constantly suffering. On Firstday morning I was assigned to have charge of the service in the Yearly Meeting house. I chose for my subject, "There were six steps to the throne." II Chronicles, 9:17, treating it under the heads, "Consideration, Repentance, Faith, Justification, Sanctification and Glorification." The congregation was large, attentive, and inspiring, with a manifest presence of the Holy Spirit. An English Friend remarked at the close, "Thy sermon told." The evening service was assigned to R. M. J.——, who chose for his subject the words of Elisha's servant at Dothan, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" A most excellent theme. Elisha was always equal to the occasion, and in this case resorted to prayer to the

Lord that He would give the young man a vision of the unlimited forces that He has for His own. The whole trend of the discourse was, if people desire knowledge they should resort to the learned, the cultured, placing culture before spirituality, or at least exalting it as the ideal channel to obtain light. There was much display of intellectual skill, and a tame, cool delivery, a frigid benediction, and it was over. Walking down the aisle in company with my wife, we were halted by a young lady, who put this question: "What are we young people going to do; take the good old Bible gospel, or bow to culture and worship that?" I replied, "Take Jesus as your personal Saviour, and if cultured lay it on the altar and hide under the shadow of the cross."

The Yearly Meeting over, we went to Charles R. Mott's South Glens Falls, for a few days' rest, then to Poughkeepsie, and remained over Sabbath, preaching there. Then by boat to Providence, Rhode Island, and thence by rail to Portland, Maine, and were assigned to a home among the Bakers, who, like the Bakers of the west, trace our ancestry back to Old England. We were now in sturdy old Maine, strong in moral fibre and one of the corner stones of liberty and sobriety. New England, grave and prudent in action, dignified in method, sincere

in conservatism, with much to admire. Our place among them was pleasant, though somewhat handicapped by keen physical suffering. We trust we were made a blessing to souls.

At the close we went to Winthrop Center, to tarry a few days at the spacious and hospitable home of that worthy woman, Hannah Bailey, where we spent a very pleasant week in company with Eli Reece, then of New York, and had some meetings in the church close by. On Sabbath was at the meeting at Manchester, in company with Joseph Briggs. We next turned homeward, stopping a few days at Farmington, New York, visiting the old homestead of young boyhood, and on to Elba, then to Buffalo, and stopped a day at the Pan-American Exposition, too feeble to travel only a short distance without a rest. We waited for the evening to come so as to witness that most marvelous display of a million electric lights turned on in a moment giving the lustre of light out of darkness, an earthly symbol of the plan of the gospel. At 11 p. m. we took a train for home, arriving there on July 3, with the merciful protection and constant presence of the Divine Friend, and unslumbering Redeemer, with the assurance of the pleasure of the Lord upon us. Rheumatism continued until November, when a physician, converted under my ministry at Hanover,

Michigan, many years before, at my request made examination of my case and said he thought he could help me, so gave a prescription and told me after two weeks to come again. At the end of that time I went to him again and he pronounced me better, and I left with another two weeks' supply, but before that time had expired, my trouble was gone, and has never come back any more. Constant moving had kept me from a complete shut-in, and all the glory of my deliverance rests back on Him whose I am and whom I serve. On May 8, 1901, golden wedding with great gladness and notable incident; May 9, sudden turn to suffering; November 25, complete deliverance from mine infirmity under the hand of Omnipotence; an eventful year, for which I praise God.

In the autumn of 1901 I received credentials to attend Western and Indiana Yearly Meetings. During the sessions of the former the news of the death of President McKinley was announced, and the funeral services arranged to be held at 2 o'clock p. m. on Thursday. On that day we left Indianapolis by electric car for Fairmount, Indiana, to attend Friends Quarterly Meeting. While enroute for that place, suddenly our car was brought to a standstill, when the conductor announced at the hour of 2 o'clock all conductors on this railroad have been

instructed to halt, wherever they are for ten minutes and pay honor to the departed dead, while the home city of the chief magistrate was conducting the sad rites of Christian burial, adding that if there were any clergymen present, use your privileges. At once all conversation ceased, and after a moment I offered this prayer:

“O Lord God of the universe, in the midst of our sorrow we come to Thee with praise in our hearts for the noble Christian life of our lamented President, the dignity of his character, the gracious, tender spirit he manifested in his sufferings, his hesitation to declare war against the oppression of Spain over Cuba, and the quick results of that conflict. While we can not understand Thy permission, we ask that the sad taking off of our honored head, may be sanctified to the nation’s highest good. We implore Thy richest blessing upon the widow, and the household, and all who mourn. Guide in Thy wisdom the affairs of state and nation. Grant that a blessing may come to those who have given this brief time to this great purpose and privilege of acknowledging the sovereignty of God, and His Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.”

Promptly at the expiration of the allotted time, we moved forward, arriving at Fairmount in time to attend the union memorial services in Friends

Church. Attended Quarterly Meeting, and then on to Richmond and attended Indiana Yearly Meeting.

Nineteen hundred and two found me again on the delegation to the Five Years' Conference at Indianapolis, the Conference to merge into the Five Years' Meeting. Ohio delegates' services ended with the new order, and we were only fraternally there from that onward. At that meeting the sessions were occupied in the interpretation and application of the Uniform Discipline.

Some questions were raised as to what our young people were to do in their attitude toward Destructive Criticism, but it was evident a quash was put upon it.

Thus have sped the years of active service in the ministry of the Word, following the mind of Christ as recorded in the sacred Scriptures, especially commissioned to give the ministry of reconciliation that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. His goods, not ours. Only the commission merchants' place, handling another's goods, the percentage sure. There remains to finish these incidents only a brief recital of the salient points of one more decade of service of the riper years of experience and my simple, arduous task is done, and submitted to the fair consideration of my dear fellow-servants in the household of faith.

CHAPTER XXIX

FROM 1903 to 1911 my gospel service was of an itinerary nature, from place to place. Many Quarterly Meetings were visited in the love of the gospel, being everywhere cordially received with Christian courtesy. Also I found myself drawn to a number of American Yearly Meetings. Twice I attended Canada Yearly Meeting. The first held in Toronto in the new Friends Church. A prominent figure among the visiting ministers was Stanley Newman, of England, whose services were founded on the Impregnable Rock of Divine Inspiration. During the week a call from the pastor of one of the first Baptist churches of the city came for me to preach in his church on Sabbath evening, to which I responded. J. H. Douglas had occupied the pulpit that morning. On introducing me to the audience, the pastor remarked that "This morning we had a good Baptist sermon from a Friend, and I expect we will have another this evening." I replied, "Excuse me brother, there is but one gospel found in the Scriptures, and I am here to preach that one gospel, though in a Baptist house of worship, and claim to be a Friend." This statement

gave me the ears of the audience, and proved a special means of blessing, as was largely manifested in the after meeting that followed. That was in 1904. The weather was cold and wet. My last visit to Canada was at New Market, in 1910. Here I first met Arthur Dann and wife, who had just arrived in this country from England, the meeting being held in the Friends College. This building, completed and furnished a year before, had just closed its first year of operation with a good class of students. The sessions of that year did not exceed sixty-five in attendance at any one time, but all bore tokens of earnest zeal and great faith. On the Sabbath a request to go to Toronto to occupy the pulpit in the Friends Church was responded to with pleasure and profit.

Four times in the last decade, I attended Western Yearly Meeting at Plainfield, Indiana, always having great liberty in gospel service; in fact, my later years were directed to those larger gatherings, seemingly, to demonstrate the value of an uttermost salvation, invigorating strength to body, mind and spirit, giving to the younger portion of the church a strong evidence of the real and axiomatic proof that Christianity is the most desirable thing to seek, and to be in possession of, and is demanded for this generation of young manhood and womanhood. My aim

was to make that emphatic. Western Yearly Meeting of Friends has produced a fair quota of stalwart characters, and they have given great strength to civic righteousness. In this Yearly Meeting I won many trophies of grace for the Master, for which one might well be thankful.

A strange exhibition of much confusion was exhibited in the last Five Year' Meeting, when two semi-unitarian papers were read by two professed modern lights, who are at heart really but "will-of-the-wisps" in the swamp of doubt. Any human effort to parade self and travel a thousand miles in mere intellectual display to reach a kernel of grain, is but aerial egotism ending in smash. God save the Friends from a flattening in such a descent. We love her too well to see her die of brain fever.

Kansas Yearly Meeting was visited in 1908, at Lawrence, and the conclusion reached was that genuine push with a commendable and prevailing aggressiveness was characteristic of that younger sister of the family. Its sessions gave proof of earnestness, firmness, condescension, and conquest. Her university faculty moved in the spirit of humility and modesty and united in evangelical truth. It was a blessing to mingle with them in behalf of the gospel. She has a broad field, and much crude material to fit into a spiritual temple.

Wilmington Yearly Meeting has claimed a share in my service for my Lord. Twice it has been my privilege to be associated with them in their annual gathering and to attend their three Quarterly Meetings, and many of the meetings composing them, as well as that of Knoxville, Friendsville and Maryville, Tennessee. The new theories have very little weight in that Yearly Meeting. There are a few airy spirits that need to touch terra firma spiritually.

Iowa Yearly Meeting having declared itself in favor of a whole unmutilated Bible, and tied to the deity of Jesus of Nazareth, stands between the two extremes of cold formalism and excessive emotionalism, in many respects revealing a steady faith.

Like others of our own denomination, all need to realize that while higher education has its place, and ought to be profitable, but constantly to exalt intellectuality above spirituality is a seducing spirit of idolatry, attended with fatalism. One has aptly said, "Train a man's hand, and he becomes a magnificent beast; train a man's head, and he becomes a magnificent scoundrel; but train a man's hand and head and heart, and he becomes a magnificent specimen of noble Christian manhood."

My last visit to Iowa Yearly Meeting was in 1908, when I had good liberty in the Master's service. New York Yearly Meeting was visited the third

time, at Union Springs, in 1910, in company with my son in the faith, William Kirby, where we had access to the hearts of the people. It was said to be above the ordinary for a number of years. The town is situated on the east shore of Cuyuga Lake, and here is located Oakwood Seminary.

This Yearly Meeting has in it many tokens of a true desire to promote the spread of evangelical Christianity. It has also in it an India rubber liberality that would like to affiliate in close-handed fellowship with the Unitarian Friends in a feigned peace, for the spread of the cause of international peace. The writer is sure each can serve the cause more successfully in its separate organization. It is no time for amalgamation now; light and darkness do not compound well either in nature or grace. Too much attention is given to lectures, and too little time to the gospel message. With these criticisms we love the brotherhood, but what is brotherhood if the Holy Spirit's sanctifying grace is left out, and the cleansing blood the heart of all is expunged from the experience of human life. On our return we took in the Quarterly Meeting at Elba, and most of its meetings, returning via Canada, of which we have spoken.

The next in course came Ohio Yearly Meeting, to which in close association for many years we have

become peculiarly attached. This year all the members of the family were privileged to attend; the first time for my wife in several years.

Ohio has had its full portion of testings, but has with these testings survived each shock of paralysis, and in her chastisements has held her love for the genuine, and seeks to discern the wide difference between the false and the true. The sessions of 1910 were marked with the realized presidency of Jesus Christ, as manifested in the free hand of the servants of the church, in the open way for the paramount purpose of such a gathering, viz.: the spiritual vitality of its membership. Arthur Dann and wife seemed to inhale the deep spiritual atmosphere with delight, remarking that they had never witnessed such a method of what God can do, when people are in His hands. Ohio has nothing to boast of in its unique position at the present time. Fellowship is dear, but when sacrifice of principle is the price of it, it is the most stupendous sham of all. Many are desirous that it should come into the Five Years' Meeting, but in the present status of the organization there is no probability of such a course. Many of us would rejoice if it were otherwise, but the productions of certain leaders are so flagrant with error that to withhold is a virtue. Renovation might change Ohio's attitude, and pave the way to a real union.

My outside gospel service for the first five months of 1911, has consisted in responding to a call to attend New Garden Quarterly Meeting, Indiana, and the meetings belonging to it; also, Whitewater Quarterly Meeting, and some of its meetings, in all of which the Lord was graciously near to uphold and strengthen in every way. April found me starting to take in course some of the Quarterly Meetings of Ohio Yearly Meeting. Goshen at Byhalia, Alum Creek, Damascus at Beloit. In all these there was granted fresh vigor to body, mind and spirit, and in the deliverances of the Gospel message. On Secondday evening, May 15, after several days of strenuous work, I was to preach at Friends Church in Alliance, Ohio. In the midst of the service I was suddenly overcome, and fell to the floor, carrying the desk with me. Four men carried me to the parsonage close by, and a physician was called. I did not lose consciousness. I suffered much for thirty-six hours when relief came, and soon convalescence, with reduced strength. I reached home on the nineteenth, in the vigor of divine life, and while resting am endeavoring to complete the "Incidents of My Life and Life Work."

In closing this narrative, covering a life of strenuous service, physically, mentally, and above all, spiritually, endowed with a hardy constitution, a mind

given to meditation and love of solitude and of the true, when these became vitalized by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, I could but become a zealot for Him, who called me to glory and to virtue, and when the definite baptism with the Holy Ghost came, fear and timidity vanished, as mist before the sun, and in its place came a boldness coupled with humility, and perfect love to God, and frail, sinful man. There has been no lapse of interest or personal communion with my Father through His Son.

I have reviewed a life of eighty-four years with the hope it may be used of God to much good when my journey is ended. The writer, only a sinner, saved by grace through the manifold mercies of a long-suffering Saviour. I commend it to God as a memorial of His marvelous grace and preservation.

The salutation of my own right hand and loving heart remain with all my readers and fellow-saints.

CHAPTER XXX

AUGUST, 1910, found our family in our usual degree of health, and planning to attend Ohio Yearly Meeting, to be held at Damascus. It had been several years since my wife had attended, and to be granted the privilege of being associated once more in the blessings of our annual gathering, was indeed a fresh inspiration. Accordingly, August 23 found us in our place of assignment, near the place of meeting, and in the enjoyment of rare social mingling with others. My wife had not been strong for a number of years, but was able to attend most of the sessions. Returning home, a trip by boat from Cleveland to Toledo was enjoyed very much. On September 10 the Colvin family reunion was held at our nephew's, Charles Colvin's, about nine miles from our home, which our whole family attended. I had expected to attend Western and Indiana Yearly Meetings, but at the reunion a very pressing invitation came from my brother, Joseph, and family, whose home is in Hillsdale County, Michigan, to spend the week following with them. And believing it would be a good thing for my wife, I

said to her if she would go I would give up my Indiana trip and go with her. This course was decided upon. The visit was a very pleasant one, in social mingling, fishing, and outdoor exercise, and we returned refreshed, on Wednesday.

On the next Monday my wife was taken sick, with stoppage of the bowels, and suffered greatly for four days, and then the end came. Nearly sixty years God had held her life precious in His sight, and granted us a most blessed association in marriage relation, a precious gift from God. The parting was keenly felt, but to give her back to the Giver, as one of His own, in cheerfulness and assurance, gave rest in His will.

OBITUARY

QUIET and peaceful as was her life, so was the death of Phila A. Baker, wife of Jacob Baker, which occurred at her home in Raisin Center, Thursday evening, September 29, 1910. So He giveth His beloved sleep. Having spent all the years of her long life faithfully and well, she was gently called to her eternal rest, leaving her loved ones the heritage of her labors, her struggles, her victories, and going to her heritage incorruptible, that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for her.

Phila A. Colvin was born in Farmington, Wayne County, New York, March 13, 1828. She was the oldest of a family of nine—three sons and six daughters—children of Isaac and Elizabeth Colvin, who came to Michigan in 1832, and settled in the Township of Madison, Lenawee County. Only two sisters remain, Mrs. Mary Freeman, of Toledo, Ohio, who was at her bedside during the four days of her sickness, and Mrs. Eliza Hodges, of Washington, D. C.

She was a lifelong member of the Friends Church. She was converted in her girlhood during revival

efforts, under the auspices of the Methodist Church, at Hudson, Michigan. She was a firm believer in the fundamentals of the gospel, a lover of the Bible, liberal in non-essentials, and inflexible as to the one foundation. Her marriage with Jacob Baker occurred May 8, 1851.

His manliness and devoted love sustained her while for almost sixty years they walked together heart-to-heart, and hand-in-hand, each the complement of the other. Three children were given them, George Howard, who died at the age of two years, and two loyal daughters, Florence, wife of E. H. Porter, of Sand Creek, Michigan, and Clara E., whose faithful ministration has been a blessing to the home, until during the last years, with that of J. Ella Butler, who has taken a daughter's place.

For twelve years Mr. and Mrs. Baker enjoyed life on a farm, in Palmyra Township. It was here that the children were born, and the father and mother cheerfully bent every effort to build for themselves a true home. Upon the conversion of the husband, in 1863, the most important things of the kingdom took first place in their hearts and lives.

When it became evident that he was called to preach the gospel, she entered into hearty sympathy and co-operation, and through the succeeding years, they worked together in pastoral and evangelistic

work among the Friends, and visited sister churches of their beloved denomination, traveling north and south, and from coast to coast.

For many years she filled the station of Elder in the church. She was of a retiring disposition, quietly developing a deep Christian character. She was a lover of her home, a devoted mother, and true and faithful wife. During the last sickness, though under severe suffering, she bore it with patience and fortitude, witnessing to her Christian faith, with the words, "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe."

There are left, beside the husband and children, one granddaughter, Mrs. Bertha Porter Dillon, her husband and little son, Gordon, the only great-grandchild; also many relatives and friends. To all who knew her, the life that has just gone on, will be a source of blessing, because of her work of faith, her labor of love in Jesus Christ, and in God our Father. Surely the Lord is gathering His crowned jewels.

The funeral was held at the Friends Church, Raisin Center, Michigan, on Monday afternoon, four of the nephews acting as pallbearers. Edward Mott, of Cleveland, conducted the service, assisted by Howard Moore, of Ypsilanti, and Major J. H. Cole, of Adrian. The text was taken from Galatians 2:20, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live in

the faith." *The faith* which is in the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself to us. He dwelt on the thought that only the power of God, manifest in the life through faith, can bring victory. Burial took place at the Friends cemetery in Raisin.

The above obituary was prepared by her two nieces, Elizabeth Strang and Clara A. Baker. At a reunion, a short time before her decease, she repeated in manifest tenderness, the following express and comprehensive stanzas, which none of the company had ever heard her repeat, or were aware that she knew:

Beyond this world of hopes and fears,
Beyond this life of grief and tears,
 There is a region fair.

It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one eternal day.

 Will you be there?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin,
Naught that's impure can enter in,
 To mar its beauty rare.

Upon that bright eternal shore,
Earth's bitter curse is known no more.

 Will you be there? Will you be there?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
 No pain, no grief, no care.

But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river ever flow.

 Will you be there?

Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did the way prepare.
Still doth His voice sound sweetly "Come;"
I am the way. I'll lead you home.
With *Me* you shall be there.

Thus speaks our loved departed one as I pen the closing words of the incidents of my life work. Conscious of her hallowed influence all these memorable years of earthly pilgrimage, and of the Lord's good hand, in guidance and counsel, accepted in the Beloved. The grace of our Lord be with you all.

SERMONS AND PAPERS

“It is good to be here.”—Luke 9:33.

JESUS of Nazareth had called a conference composed of delegates, three of whom were selected from the twelve apostles, Peter, John and James, one from heaven, Elijah, one from the grave, Moses, and the Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the purpose being to discuss a great subject in which heaven and earth were interested, and of which a clear conception might be had. Jesus opened this conference with prayer, during which a marvelous manifestation of the divine glory and celestial light enveloped His person, called The Transfiguration. There is no record of the words of that petition, but evidently it embraced the subject for which the conference was called, viz.: “His decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.” This must be understood, and the testimony heard by the three delegates from earth, Peter, James and John. There were two men talking with Jesus, the Presiding Officer of the conference.

Let us hear Moses' testimony: Fifteen hundred years ago God called me to lead His people out of Egypt, but not until He instituted the Passover, and I followed His directions. For he said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you," and this He did. Then through the Red Sea He led us, and when we reached the foot of Sinai He called me to meet Him on the top of the mountain, that I might have audience with Him. And this continued for forty days, and then he showed me the body of heaven in His clearness and distinctness. This is He, Jesus is our passover, who will accomplish His decease at Jerusalem. During that interview there was given to me a very definite pattern of a tabernacle, that I should build and pitch in the wilderness, with the repeated injunction that I should make it according to the pattern shown me on the mount, which was a shadow of good things to come. This I did perfectly, and when the furniture was placed in divine order it showed a complete cross, a pattern of the decease that He will accomplish at Jerusalem, and here in this Person is the true tabernacle which God has pitched, and not man. He ordered me to put in the Ark of the Covenant, the tables of the Law, Aaron's rod that budded, and a pot of manna.

Here, in this Person, is the covenant kept, the Rod that budded. After His decease, He shall rise

again, the pot of Manna, Bread from heaven. This deace shall be for the remission of sins. He is the Sin Offering, Trespass Offering, Burnt Offering, Meat Offering and Peace Offering. In that deace all these are met in the one Offering, made once for all, forever.

As I lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must this Person, Son of Man, Son of God, be lifted up at Jerusalem. The name of the Lord was proclaimed to me, saying, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty, this is He before us. Called from the grave where God buried me, to take part in the discussion. I hereby certify that this is my true testimony as received while having audience with the Father concerning this His Son.

Elijah, what is thy testimony, that in the mouth of two witnesses every word may be established? "Well, God called me to act as a representative prophet to cite us to the prophetic testimony, as foretold concerning this Person before us. I have been in heaven 896 years, from whence comes all prophecy, and learned that from before the foundation of the world there was in the councils of heaven, as if it had been a lamb slain. Moses, God's

servant, had prophesied that God would raise up a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren like unto me; unto Him shall ye hearken. Not a bone shall be broken. My own familiar friend hath lifted up his heel against me; for thy sake I have borne reproach. Reproach hath broken my heart. The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner, a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offense. His back and cheeks to the smiters, who plucked off His hair. His visage marred more than any man, despised, rejected of men, a Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief, stricken, smitten of God, wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, with His stripes we are healed. Dumb, he openeth not His mouth; for us was He stricken. Make His grave with the wicked, and the rich in His death. God shall see the travail of His soul, and be satisfied, and justify many. Pour out His soul unto death, prolong His days, make intercession for the transgressors.

“All this to be fulfilled in the decease that He shall accomplish at Jerusalem. I am here to confirm and reaffirm this as the spirit of prophecy, which is the soul of it all. But hark! what is this that breaks the heavens and falls upon our ears? ‘This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear Him, three witnesses.’”

Conclusive testimony of highest authority. It is good for us to be here, in the presence of the Shekina discussion ended, adjournment, all gone but Jesus only.

Report of Peter: "We have followed no cunningly devised fable. We were eye-witnesses of His Majesty, and heard from the excellent glory, when we were with Him in the holy mount. 'This is my beloved Son.' This is the fulfillment of the sure word of prophecy which came by the Holy Ghost. We are redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. A Lamb without blemish or spot."

Report of John: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, that which was from the beginning which we have heard, which we have seen with our own eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life, for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, that which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you. Therefore, the decease which was accomplished at Jerusalem. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son, cleanseth from all sin."

Report of James: "As an apostle of Jesus Christ whom He denominated Son of Thunder. Elect ac-

according to the foreknowledge of God, the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, thus begetting unto a living hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, all this by the decease He accomplished at Jerusalem."

Conclusion of the Conference: Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, that is, Jesus crucified. Brother, believe it, receive it in all its saving power. It is good to be here.

ATTITUDE AND BLESSING

Matthew 5:3-12.

THAT which commonly goes under the head of "The Beatitudes," should be reversed, viz: "The Attitudes to be." These are the prelude to Christ's sermon on the mount. Great teachers often preface their sermons with a preliminary subject that is up-to-date. The road to discipleship is an up-to-date matter, which is necessary to know and to be. There must be life, to live a disciple's life with, and this prelude gives the necessary attitude requisite for that life, and insures God's blessing on them. Right beginning on the foundation which standeth sure, brings assurance. The bottom step is as necessary as any other. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

The first thing to know is, that nothing but poverty can describe a life without God, without Christ, that sin robs of innocence and incurs guilt, pauperizes the spirit, separates from God.

To come into the overwhelming fact that we are paupers, and have nothing worthy of God's favor, Jesus says will command God's blessing and give the kingdom of heaven. His favor is to the poor in

spirit ; confess this, and the blessing is sure. It is His good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Make your pauper's plea today, to the Commissioner of the Poor, for admission to the pauper home, and you shall be blest.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Your poverty and your sin cause mourning, grief, Godly sorrow, brokenness of spirit, a load of guilt is upon you, your countenance is sad. Listen: They shall be comforted. He knows what you need, comfort, the load removed, sins forgiven, peace instead of war, quiet instead of confusion.

The writer stopped on a Christmas eve for a night's lodging, many years ago, at the Farmers' Hotel, at Bloomington, Illinois. The weather was cold, the mattress hard, covering thin. I passed a suffering, sleepless night. What I needed was a sufficiency of comforts for a covering. Your correct attitudes will insure them. They shall be comforted. Oh, what comfort God has to give to the grieved spirit. Try it, brother, try it, and get the blessing.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Meekness is a commendable attitude of spirit. The meek desire knowledge, strive after it; with all their getting get understanding. The

meek will He teach of His way. The meek will He guide in His paths. He wishes to know what he is here for, what the purpose of his being. What is my inheritance. He longs for the inheritance that shall banish pauperism, and give the unsearchable riches of Christ. Jesus says he shall inherit the earth; the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; the saints shall inherit the earth.

“Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” Hunger and thirst are evidences of health; want of them signifies a disordered system, conditions bad. The disciple must be hungry and thirsty for the righteousness of Christ, and this attitude insures filling, imputing, imparting and inplanting of the righteousness of Christ in the heart and life of the disciple. Christ is his bread and water of life, to the full. He that eateth Me shall live by me. Who so eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life. A high privilege to a hungry attitude, feed on Him.

“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” An unmerciful spirit and discipleship never can go together; neither can blessing attend such. Jesus knew where to place this attitude between justification and a pure heart. He knew that the temptation to be overbearing in spirit toward those who do not come up to our standard and to strike

hard at them, was contrary to the life of a disciple, and to such he implied they can not obtain mercy. On the other hand a merciful spirit insures God's mercy. When Peter inquired of Jesus how often he should forgive, the answer implied constantly. When the lord forgave the whole debt of his servant, it was magnanimous, and when that servant refused forgiveness to his small creditor, it was pusillanimous; he could not obtain mercy. The merciful shall obtain mercy. Disciple, beware.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." There is heart condition, purity within, affections pure. Cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, this attitude gives an assurance we shall see God. A life insurance in the triune God shall see him as he is. Cleansed from defilement, subsequent to regeneration. These shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord, having clean hands (outward life) and pure hearts (inward life), *shall see God*.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." A peacemaking business is the disciple's calling, beseeching man in Christ instead of being reconciled to God. This is the business in hand for the children of God. A holy calling. Discipleship culminates here, finds its field of operation here. The fruits of righteousness is sown in peace, of them that make peace. The king-

dom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Here lies the test of discipleship. The soldier under fire of the enemy, the warrior maligned falsely, no friend to grace. No just measure of fidelity. The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth. Rejoice here, because you are partakers of the sufferings of Christ. Reward for all this is sure, for heaven sees and knows. Long suffering is the proof of true discipleship, the test and fact of faith. These are the attitudes of being, and doing, that Jesus embodied in that wonderful prelude before giving in the sermon proper. His rules in His uniform discipline for Christian living. The poor in spirit, the mourner, the meek, the hungry and thirsty, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, the persecuted, are assured of the blessing of heaven upon them here, and in the hereafter. Sinner, believe it, believer, receive it, and rejoice in the showers of blessings nine times repeated by the Teacher sent from God. This is my beloved Son, *hear Him*.

FLOWING RIVERS

"All the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not full : into the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.—Ecele 1:7.

OUR text is the words of the Preacher, he who sought to find acceptable words : words of truth, that are as goods, and nails, fastened by the master of assemblies, given from one Shepherd. If these words had no deeper significance than the superficial, they are tremendously true. They appeal alike to the learned and to the unlearned, the child and the adult. Rivers do run to the sea, God's reservoir for their waters. But there can be no rivers without springs, and no springs without hidden fountains of living waters ; invisible fountains, feeders of the springs and rivers, and then to prevent an overflow of the sea, the vapors rise, and the sea breeze carries them back from whence they came. The rivers are the veins of life for the land, life currents, as necessary as the blood currents of the human body, without which there can be no breath-throbs, no life.

Surely the Preacher has the key to nature's truth, as a law of perpetuation if it be undisturbed. Rivers

must have channels through which to flow, day and night, summer and winter. It is true the Preacher did not elaborate on his premises, perhaps as to the depth of his text, and may have left it to be explained in the latter days, when in the fullness of time another Preacher should take it into the spiritual realm and elaborate the essence of the deeper significance of the source and force of springs of divine life, and the rivers outflowing therefrom, who under the power of the Holy Spirit has possession of the Temple. A spring of spiritual life is the result of a hidden fountain, breaking the surface in an outgoing and an outflowing, taking its course onward in increased volume according to the tributary rills, and rivulets that enter the channel. Jesus taught very definitely this need, that out of the heart is the spring of life, the flow of living water; out of the heart are the issues of life, that the heart shall be as a watered garden, flowing toward the sea. Perfect love flows on to the sea of humanity, and yet there is room. The fountain hidden is in the cleft of the Rock, the smitten rock, from whence the waters gush out. The cleansed and sanctified church is the channel God made and God directed to a sea of lost humanity, a great deep, and their work and worship like the vapor, returning to the source of the river, return as sweet incense to the

place from whence it came. It is absolutely necessary for their heartthrob in the divine life, as in the natural, the life currents must be active. God's design is that His church shall have life, abundant life, as manifest as the flowing current of the rivers of the land. The river channel is clear. God will fill it from His invisible resources, and enliven it with times of refreshing, by His own blessed presence. The river is a receiver and conductor at the same time; so should he be who is filled with the Spirit. A desert has no rivers, because it has no springs. A sinful life has no springs of deep-toned life, no gushing love going up to God, no incense from the heart, no devotion to a true life. The sands of life are as dry as the treeless desert, no track of light, no lamp for his feet. Over against this and before his eyes he may read this on the guideboard: "I am the way, the truth, and the Life. Him that cometh unto me, I will in no way cast out." God's river of love is now flowing toward thee. He has the spring of life for thee. If any man thirst let him come unto me, and drink of the river of God's pleasure. There is a river the streams thereof make glad the city of God.

I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. Out of His inward parts shall flow rivers of living water.

Since the Holy Ghost has come because Jesus has been glorified. These rivers have been ready to flood the life of the believer, onto the sea and back to the fountain of love. The God of love and life, present and future. Brother, get the flowing river, and let it run. The sea is not full; the reservoir is infinite in capacity; there is yet room for the course of thy river and its return.

THE NATURAL MAN AND THE SPIRITUAL MAN

“**E**YE hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.”—I Corinthians 2:9-10.

The Scriptures being a divine revelation, draws many distinctive lines concerning human lives, between the natural and the spiritual. The definite declaration that all have sinned must be a settled fact, and can not be denied. Both observation and personal consciousness must admit it. That the first clause of my text applies to the sinful, disobedient and obstinate, is evident, and that such a condition knows of no personal revelation to the conscience of acceptance with God. He has no true conception of the things God has in store for them that love Him. Hence the truth, “Eye hath not seen.” Revelation determines a fact and settles it. Further proof is not needed. Revelation settles the fact that God has the forgiveness of sin and the new birth prepared for every penitent heart, and even this can not become a settled fact, without a definite experience by

the revelation, by the Spirit of God. When this is known as a revealed fact, love begins to flow out to Him who prepared and granted it. The deep searcher of the things of God makes this manifest, for He is the highest authority in the universe. To effect this, God prepared an offering for sin and uncleanness, and it is the prerogative of the Holy Ghost to magnify this offering, the one atonement in the mind and consciousness of all those who truly love God. There can be no regeneration definitely known without the Holy Spirit magnifying the merits of the precious blood. It becomes absolutely incumbent that definiteness be known at this point. This means more than a sense of right and wrong, for this runs in human life everywhere, according to various standards, whether in the saved or the unsaved.

The birth from above must be a certainty, else true love to God can not be known or perceived. Having this experience settled, there comes a new revelation of a vast spiritual realm, that lies before the babe in Christ. A babe, soon after birth, begins faintly to comprehend what a large world it has been born into, and is constantly making new discoveries of the sources of nourishment, and comfort in store for its development and growth; new discoveries are constantly revealed.

In the spiritual realm a Spirit-born babe will discover greater depths and heights in the things of grace, and the things that hinder life and growth. In the natural, babes can not beget offspring, neither in the spiritual can the justified be considered of full age to bear abundant fruit. The revelation of carnality comes by the spirit of God, and by the further revelation comes the fact that the gospel provides for the destruction thereof; does not purpose to suppress it and bring it into subjection, but God has provided a crucifixion of the vile affections and lusts, and plant in its stead the love of God. The prerogative of a living Redeemer, upon entire consecration, is to send the sin-killing baptism with the Holy Ghost, to execute the sentence of death upon the old sinful nature, God's capital punishment for the carnal mind, a mighty thing prepared for them that love Him; hence comes a life of purity and power, fruit-bearing.

To this man or woman the Scriptures become God's revealed will and word, and that record is accepted in its entirety, without stopping to question the assurance of prophecy. The obligation to obey, divine protection, along with divine provision, are alike dear to the trusting soul. Eternal things, though unseen, are assured revelations of the things prepared for them that love God. Herewith comes

the unquestionable revelation of the resurrection of the dead and of eternal judgment: That heaven is prepared for them that love Him, and hell is prepared for the devil and his followers; that the Church is Christ's purchased possession; that he is the Bridegroom, and she is the Lamb's wife, his cherished helpmate in conquest for souls; that her Lord is her righteousness; she is made clean by the virtue of the precious blood; that for her is granted the certainty of His coming, for his own, to be forever with Him; that she is to overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of her testimony. To neglect this great salvation, insures the condemnation of God. To reject it is a high crime against Him. To despise it is the height of criminality, and if persisted in insures the second death, the capital punishment of Divine government, which is eternal. The very antipodes of the things God hath prepared for them that love him.

To induce His own to remain steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, He has revealed a world to come, with a deathless, painless, body resurrected, made immortal by Divine deliverance from corruption and decay, wrought by Him who is the resurrection and the life. To give the human body to the adversary, and the soul to God is but a half salvation, and the very thought is ab-

horent to every devout reader of the Scriptures, and contrary to the teaching of Jesus Christ. By all that gives hope, by all that makes life worth living, by all that is inspiring, by all that is cheering, by all that is holy, by all that is heavenly, by all that is revealed in God's will, see that you do not miss the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God, in Jesus Christ. Get a clear vision of the Christ of God, of Calvary, of the empty tomb, the highly-exalted Saviour, the pre-eminent One; fasten your faith on Him, through Whom comes the things God hath prepared for them that love Him, and let Him sanctify and keep unto the day of redemption.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SERMON

"The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, 'Give me thy daughter to my son to wife.'"—II Kings 14:9.

THESE words were uttered in rebuke by a king who would describe the wicked policy of another king, in making an unholy alliance with evil workers, in order to strengthen his wicked policy.

A veritable proposition of marriage. According to Oriental custom the proposal comes from the father, in behalf of his son, and is made to the father of the daughter for his consent to the union in the bonds of wedlock. The parties are four in number, father and son and father and daughter. Under the symbol of thistle and cedar of Lebanon, that is, a tall, straight, sweet-scented cedar a hundred feet in height, is asked for a bride to a thorny thistle two and one-half feet in height, to join hands in the covenant of marriage; an awful stoop downward to make it possible to clasp hands and answer "I will." A most ludicrous position for a bride and groom, and to sight and fact, a horrible proffer. Can a parallel to this be found in this twentieth century? Let us see. The liquor traffic, father of the American saloon, sent to the Christian people of the State of

Michigan, saying, "Give me your daughter, Christian Civilization, to my son, the saloon, to wife." An exact parallel. The purpose is that they may be married and keep house together. That is the proposition, a brassy, foolhardy, senseless, loveless scheme to join in discord these inappropriate characters for the destruction of that which is noble and uplifting. Strange that such a consummation should ever obtain or take a legal form; that a lease of life for the liquor traffic could ever be bought and perpetrated with the consent and aid of the voters of the citizens of a civilized commonwealth. A marriage fee of one thousand dollars a year, more or less, has argued for its accomplishment, and the lawmakers of the State have provided for it and given directions for its completion. Married for money, a marvelous hybrid child of perdition, an evil whose fruit is corruption. Let us see, a thrifty (the saloon) thistle has eighty heads, three hundred seeds each, making the crop two thousand four hundred seeds the first year, and the second crop would be five hundred and seventy-six millions, a significant illustration of the evil fruit of the liquor saloon in any community or city. A deadly nightshade, a place of debauchery behind the screen. The license or tax laws of every kind do not in any sense make for sobriety, neither can they be classed as aiding

in the security of life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. Loyalty to the family home, to the State and to God, demand that the traffic should be dethroned, made an outlaw, as it really is. The license or tax law plan of the state is this: The applicant comes to the proper officer and says, "I purpose to open a saloon for the sale of liquor, at such a place; please make the papers according to the provision of the law, and we will sign them, with two bondsmen, and the official complies, takes the fee, and the saloon man takes his credentials, starts his business, and is protected by the law as much as the parties under a marriage covenant. In fact, he may draw from the treasury of the home, daily, and not be molested. He may make a man drunk, and go scot free, while his customer is liable to arrest and fine, and possibly imprisonment. Verily the marriage of the thistle and the cedar has been consummated and they have gone to housekeeping together. The offspring of this wicked alliance are a maimed set of cripples, mentally, morally and physically. They that gave them birth are like unto them. Is this the function of government? Is this the ripe wisdom of the law-makers? Is this a mark of political economy? How long shall the wicked rule and the people mourn? How long shall these schools of vice be protected by law and be more numerous than those of the com-

mon schools, the high schools and the colleges? In every city that decides to be wet, local option is crippled on every side from the license territory, by determined effort on the part of the liquor interests. Good people are blinded by the cry "High Taxes."

Shall we not rally around the flag of truth, and cause Old Glory to float over a sober people who shall abolish forever the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and put an universal ban upon it? Rally around the flag boys, rally around the flag.

Duty demands it. Patriotism demands it. Sanctified common sense demands it. God forbid that political idolatry shall blind us longer, but cause us to see that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

Let the decree go forth that whosoever shall bow down to the golden calf of the liquor traffic, shall come under a fire that shall go forth and tread down the thistle.(See II Kings 14:9, last clause.) Let this command go forth, "Cease to do evil and learn to do well, then shall thy righteousness go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." God speed the day.

THE PASTOR'S INNER LIFE

THE pastor, though he is not called upon to be a better person than any other disciple of Christ, is naturally expected to be a representative, a typical Christian, for to him men come to drink as to a spring. Therefore, there should be in him an abounding spiritual life. He should know beyond a doubt of a real conversion of soul, the birth of the Spirit, certified to his consciousness by divine power, leaving not a tinge of doubt at that point. He whose business it is to convert men to Christ, should himself be converted. He who is to guide believers should himself be a man of faith, and indeed to be all that a pastor ought to be. He should be a perfect man, filled with the Spirit of God. He should know of receiving the definite baptism with the Holy Ghost, as a supernatural work bringing in perfect love, for with the gift of the Holy Ghost, comes the love of God, shed abroad in the heart. The pastor must be pure in heart in order to purify others, be taught, then teach others, become light and then enlighten others, draw near to God himself, and then induce others to approach Him. In short, he should be sanctified, and then strive to make others holy.

The Christian pastor should be able to say with the primitive ministers of Christ, "We have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God, which things we speak not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

Faith is the law upon whose actuating energy God has made the life which we have in Him to depend, and we can no more detach what we do in our lives from what we are in our souls than we can separate heat or light from their essential principles, or expect to enjoy either in the absence of the conditions in which their existence is involved.

God communicating Himself through His Spirit, enabled the first ministers (that is, endowed them with power) to do the works that they did, for the triumph of the Gospel. If a man then cut himself off from the spring, he may have all the conduits and the most scientific system of irrigation, yet his garden will not be watered; it will remain a dry and thirsty ground. Not by might or power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord. The spiritual qualification of a pastor for his work lies altogether in his relations with God.

With this life of God in the pastor's soul, there

should be an overwhelming consciousness of a divine call to the ministry of the Word constantly ringing in his mind, to preach the Gospel; called and commissioned and ordained, to keep alive the divine gift. "I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee," said Paul to Timothy. It is worthy of special note that Paul in nearly all his epistles prefaces them with the one chief fact. "Servant of Jesus Christ," "Called to be an apostle" through the will of God, not of man, but by Jesus Christ, by the commandment of God, asserting that the Gospel came not unto them in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. To choose the pastor's life simply as a profession, falls infinitely below the certification of being in line with God's Choice. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go forth and bring fruit that may remain. Whatever acquired abilities may have been obtained under the divine call, are to be laid on the altar of consecration, along with the humblest possession, with the meekness of a child. The pastor's first religious duty is to himself and his own soul. Take heed to thyself, and unto the doctrine, for in so doing thou shalt save thyself and them that hear thee. Take heed, therefore, unto yourself, and to all the flock over which the

Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood. The pastor thus moves in a rarer atmosphere than other men. A constant tension of soul is required of him. He is not permitted to ascend the mountain and breathe the easier air of lower thought and pursuits, but he dwells on the heights. From the pulpit he goes to the lecture-room, from the lecture-room to the bedside of the sick, from the sickbed to the prayermeeting, from that to his studies, and from his studies to the pulpit again. His yearly, weekly, hourly thought is mainly on high spiritual themes. This is in one sense a great privilege, and in another a great trial, for it is a state of mind that requires constant watching, a renewal, lest there be an over tension, lest the spirit grow dull, the fires go out, and the gift of God become dead within him. The specific equal to the requirements is threefold, viz.: Reading the Scriptures, Meditation and Prayer.

First, Reading the Scriptures—If a pastor always comes to the Bible in an intellectual and critical spirit, for the purpose of procuring themes for sermons or for propping up his theological theories, he will deprive his spiritual nature of its proper nourishment. It is a delightful thing to find a minister who has both an intellectual and a spiritual

apprehension of the Scripture; who is a Bible man; who feeds upon the hidden manna of the Word, and who is taught by a higher wisdom than that of the schools. It is perfectly proper to select some plan for actual progress in the understanding of the Word of God, and to follow in thought just the wellings up into our hearts of the spring of divine truth. It is letting God speak to, and in us by His Word, and listening to His voice in silence. In reading the Scriptures we should seek to find Him who is revealed therein, Christ the Redeemer; to get a glimpse of the person of Jesus Christ, who declared Himself to be the Bread of Life. To use a homely expression, "A laboring man needs more food than other men," so a man who labors in the Word, requires more spiritual nourishment than others. Paul, in Corinth, was in the center of worldly wisdom and trembled for fear, lest the preaching of Jesus Christ crucified, should fail to be received as the wisdom of God.

Second, Meditation—To the spiritually-minded, meditation brings refreshing to the soul, as the dew on the grass or showers on the thirsty land. After feeding in the green pasture the beast retires to the shady nook, lies down, chews his food over again, and its inward digestion draws the virtue of a full meal, in the quietude of rest. Equally beautiful and

practical is it when God's called, feed in the green pastures of His Word; to have inner digestion; power to draw soul nourishment as he retires to the still waters of meditation. By it the pastor gives attention to the application of the spirit of divine things, and fixing and establishing in the mind those divine truths and principles which have a direct influence in framing a holy life. A monastic seclusion is a distortion of this duty. It makes solitude an end, not a means. Christ gave us an example, when from the scenes of a life filled with activity, He went to meditate alone on the mountain, or in the desert, and how much more do His servants, especially His ministers, whose spiritual life needs to be replenished, from the silent communion with the unseen springs of life. To be alone with God, and to lie, as it were, in the shadow of His presence, brings a solitary awe. The soul's vanity, pride, selfishness, dwindle and the spiritual nature is deepened, purified, strengthened.

A Christian minister should surely, at times, thoughtfully ask himself, "Is the plan of my life a true one? Am I following it with true motives? Do I see in myself the beginning of selfishness, or a worldly spirit, or of ministerial jealousy, ambition or cupidity? Am I governed by a desire to do good to men, and bring glory to God?" Walking with

God means real companionship. He or she who thus magnifies this office will handle his Master's goods as a commission merchant handles the goods of another. The contents of this paper have been written to encourage my brethren in the ministry to a right estimate of both your privileges and responsibilities. May God greatly enrich you with the treasures of His Word and the power of His Spirit. God bless you.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Read before the Ministerial Association at Adrian, Mich.

YOUR program committee has assigned to me a most profound subject, concerning which we may expect to succeed, only as He of whom we write becomes a personal helper. We are to assume that we are, first of all, to recognize the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit, the third in the Trinity or Tribune God. That the Trinity is unexplainable by human reason and remains a mystery, we with child-like simplicity accept, because substantiated by the Word of God and the Son of God. Of the Holy Spirit it may be said, that He, like the Father, and the Son, has the attributes of Omnipresence, Omniscience, Omnipotence, Eternity, Creative Power, Holiness and Goodness, the divine characteristics of the Godhead, therefore, a distinct personality and occupies a very important place in the divine economy.

That He was promised by prophecy, and by Christ Himself. The New Testament distinctly declares that as a person, He has given and preserved the Holy Scriptures. He made choice of His stenographers, and moved them by His peculiar power and wisdom to give to mankind the sacred Scriptures ;

and canonized them with His own sanction; and is constantly using them with reference to throwing light upon human destiny and divine salvation.

In His creative power He took part in the creation of the universe, and by Him comes regeneration, the new creation, the new birth from above. He could not come in His fullness and power before Christ was glorified, for He was to proceed from the Father, and the Son, after the ascension of the Son. "If I go away I will send the promise of the Father upon you." It is He that magnifies the offering of Jesus Christ once for all, as the one offering for sins forever. That there were all through the Old Testament types of the Holy Ghost, each revealing some distinctive work of His, every prayerful student of the Scriptures must acknowledge. The dove from the Ark bringing an olive leaf plucked off; the Holy Spirit revealing a crucified Redeemer; Abraham's oldest servant seeking a bride for Isaac; the Holy Spirit seeking a bride for Christ; the pillar of cloud and fire, the Holy Spirit's presence to lead God's own. Water signifying the fertilizing, refreshing, cleansing, abundant, freely given work of the Holy Ghost, for return for complete consecration. Fire, the enlightening, purifying, scorching, reflecting of the distinct personality. Wind, the powerful, reviving, independent, sensible

effects of the unseen, yet present Holy Spirit. Oil, the Holy Spirit power accompanying entire consecration, comforting and healing. A voice signifying the clear impression of the Holy Spirit in divine guidance. The seal, the divine certification of the believer of His acceptance, and standing before God, only known as revealed by the Spirit. Many other reference might be found, but we come to the Gospel age to deal with the personality of the Holy Spirit, in the establishing of the kingdom of heaven, in the souls and lives of men.

The New Testament or new Covenant plan of God for man's salvation, goes deeper than all forms and ceremonies, and is based on the vicarious atonement made by Jesus Christ and His connection with the Holy Spirit, as an ascended and living God. John, the Baptist, came to prepare the way of the Lord, and to make straight the way of the Lord. In order to do this he bore witness that the Lamb of God should take away the sins of the world, and also declared that He should *baptize* with the Holy Ghost and fire. Just here allow me to state that John's baptism was that of repentance, witnessed to as a sign by water baptism. But even this sank to nothing when he emphasized Christ's baptism with the Holy Ghost. Not until Jesus died, rose again and ascended into heaven, did Christ's baptism

begin, for Jesus Himself did not administer the baptism of the Holy Ghost till after His ascension, and the Christian baptism was that which began on Pentecost. John said, "The same is He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." Therefore, Christian baptism was from heaven, administered by the living Son of God, and the divinely ordained necessity for the child of God, and it is absolutely only Christ's prerogative to administer it, subsequent to repentance unto life. John, the Baptist, was the forerunner, and not the follower of Christ, so the baptism of repentance must be before the baptism of the Holy Ghost. In Christian experience, John did not magnify his own work, but he magnified Christ's work, especially that of the baptism of Christ with the Holy Ghost. We lay stress here, because so little is heard in these days, from the pulpit, in definite teaching on this subject. A spirit-filled ministry is the crying demand of the times. On the day of Pentecost the keynote of the one hundred and twenty was "repent and be converted," that ye may receive the Holy Spirit and the new covenant. Experience began then, and primitive Christianity is the superabundant need of the churches today. We dwell much on the decision for Christ, and well we may, but oh, so little on the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost.

It is a remarkable fact that the forerunner of Jesus knew the mission of his successor, and just as remarkable that Jesus knew the mission of His successor, the Holy Ghost. He should convince of sin, of righteousness and of judgment. Of sin, because they believe not on Me, the highest crime against Jehovah. Of righteousness, because I go to the Father, because I am innocent and holy and have pleased Him, and made it possible for you to be holy. Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged. Satan is cast down, his kingdom is to be dethroned in the life of God's own, and on him will the highest judgment fall at the last day. "My successor shall teach you all things whatsoever I have said unto you. He has been with you, He shall be in you. I will not leave you orphans. He shall testify of me."

These are a few of the main points that Jesus declared concerning the executor of the Godhead. We will now turn from the first four books of the new Testament, the Jesus Books, and look into the fifth book, the peculiarly Holy Spirit Book.

From Calvary to Olivet, the Mount of Promise, then into the Acts of the Holy Ghost, through spirit-filled disciples. "Go tarry," a paradox, nevertheless a command. Jesus gone, His successor came. For what? To revolutionize the metropolis through a

revolutionized experience of one hundred and twenty individuals. Doubt and fear gone; sudden courage and power super-abundant in its stead; demonstration of the Spirit, a feast of harvest ingathering. A mighty successor of Jesus Christ. The beginning of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. The promised power has come! Joel's prophecy is fulfilled. Who were a part of this Spirit-filled company? Peter, the man of rock; James and John, the sons of thunder; the matter-of-fact Andrew; Nathaniel, in whom is no guile; possibly Stephen and Philip; and all the Mary's, including the Bethany Mary, Mary Magdalena; the housekeeper, Martha, as well as the greater number unnamed and unknown. That was the number that prayerfully, with one accord, not only wanted, but received the never-to-be-forgotten filling of the Holy Ghost.

On fire for God and humanity, out from Jerusalem to Samaria, on into the home of Cornelius, as the door to the non-Jewish world, into the heart of the Roman Empire, goes the Holy Ghost, using leaders and the common people as flaming witnesses of His power, as given in the Acts of the Spirit to the abrupt end of the Book. This was the flood-tide of power and liberty and should never have abated.

With all these Scripture evidences of the Holy Spirit's power and work, what are the practical les-

sons for the Christian? Candor and honest confession must say, I need above all things else, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. It adds intense emphasis to all this to note that Jesus Himself, very Son of God, was in that wonderful human life of His, utterly dependent upon the Holy Spirit. At the very outset, before returning upon a single act or word of His appointed ministry, He waits at the Jordan waters until His anointing came. From that time every part of His life was under the control of the Spirit. Forced into the wilderness for that fierce battle with Satan, He returned into Galilee in the power of the Spirit. By Him He cast out devils and did all His miracles, and by the Eternal Spirit He went through the awful experiences of Gethsemana and Calvary, and offered Himself without spot unto God. And the habitation of the Spirit is the fitly-framed Church of the living God. For the building of such a habitation the Holy Spirit is the director of the building committee and chooses His own employes, and gives direction to His workmen, especially what they shall do from start to finish, to complete His own dwelling, and then dedication. The foundation is Jesus Christ. Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers are the Spirit workmen, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the building of the

body of Christ. The material, sinful humanity transformed by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, in His abundance from Jesus Christ, and made His temples. No wonder He demands of His workmen that sins shall be forgiven, and new life; but He also demands perfection in love, and it is His to give, to make one a partaker of the divine nature.

Jesus Christ condemned sin in the flesh, as well as in life, and left it to His successor to execute the sentence of death upon the old man or carnal nature. His orders are to destroy this work of the devil, not to take it prisoner and let it live, but to cast out the bondman and put a freeman in his place. Holy Spirit employes are to be clean, every whit, and are furnished with good material, and it takes a good deal of sandpaper to get the polish; and sweeping with the gospel broom to get ready for the dedication. It must be done. Strange that any misfit in this work should be found. That the standard should be lowered. That any should plead for sin and the disease that lies back of it, and expect to fight it down without an extinguisher. The Holy Spirit as Comforter; Christians are on a journey, wayfarers, and need an experienced guide, mutually congenial, personally agreeable, who knows every detail, all the ground the journey covers, the convenience to make the journey pleasant, like a jour-

ney through a strange land that we have never made before. Therefore, the Lord Jesus pledges to furnish us with the Companion Comforter, personally to conduct you all the way, He having accompanied Him, who sent Him, to be your Guide.

Two persons here, you are one. He is the better One. You say, "Guide." He says, "Come on." He moves. The Life-holder, the Light-holder is with you with life, and light, and love, and power freely furnished, to make the journey safe, pleasant and overflowing with enjoyment as it can be. You are ticketed through, all rest places free, ample supplies, with inconveniences removed, and a Companion constantly devoting Himself to your interest wholly, and making it an ideal journey. Surely a Comforter. A significant name. Not an it. We would not say it is a good preacher, it is a good pastor, or it was a saintly man, but emphasize Him as being a devoted servant. One along to help. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the ones of God. A fullness, richness, tenderness, personal intimacy here.

The fruit of the Spirit. He is here to bring forth fruit in human lives, and to do this He must flood the heart with love by the gift of Himself, resulting in planting in the human heart the love of God, so that it becomes a prolific fruit-bearing tree; and

like produces like, and nine varieties of fruit is the product. Love, that marvelous tender passion; the love of God heightless, depthless, shoreless, floods the heart with tenderness, and every phase of life is that of love. As one has said, "Peace is love, resting." Bible study is love studying its love letters: prayer is love keeping tryst. Conflict with sin is love jealously fighting for its Lover. Sympathy is love tenderly feeling. Enthusiasm is love burning. Hope is love expecting. Patience is love waiting. Faithfulness is love sticking fast. Humility is love taking its true place. Modesty is love keeping out of sight. Soul-winning is love pleading. It levels all distinctions. Love, joy and peace are emotions within. The other six are toward others: Long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control. It is the prerogative of the Holy Spirit to bring this heavenly fruit into and out of human lives, when the heart becomes a tree of life.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

THE following attractive story for children and young people, taught me by my loved mother, has been useful in my work among many families and gatherings, gaining the attention where nothing else would. It has in it a lesson of unity of action, and those who love children can use it very properly, hence I believe it best to send it forth, asking the blessing of God upon it.

HUNTING A WREN

Let's go a hunting, says Richety Robin;
Let's go a hunting, says Robinty Bobbin;
Let's go a hunting, says Johnnie alone;
Let's go a hunting, says every one.

What shall we hunt? says Richety Robin;
What shall we hunt? says Robinty Bobbin;
What shall we hunt? says Johnnie alone;
What shall we hunt? says every one.

We'll hunt a wren, says Richety Robin;
We'll hunt a wren, says Robinty Bobbin;
We'll hunt a wren, says Johnnie alone;
We'll hunt a wren, says everyone.

Where'll we find him? says Richety Robbin;
Where'll we find him? says Robinty Bobbin;
Where'll we find him? says Johnnie alone;
Where'll we find him? says every one.

In the bush, says Richety Robin;
In the bush, says Robinty Bobbin;
In the bush, says Johnnie alone;
In the bush, says every one.

Who will shoot him? says Richety Robbin;
Who will shoot him? says Robinty Bobbin;
Who will shoot him? says Johnnie alone;
Who will shoot him? says every one

I will shoot him, says Richety Robin;
I will shoot him, says Robinty Bobbin;
I will shoot him, says Johnnie alone;
I will shoot him, says every one.

He's shot, he's shot, says Richety Robin;
He's shot, he's shot, says Robinty Bobbin;
He's shot, he's shot, says Johnnie alone;
He's shot, he's shot, says every one.

How will we get him home? says Richety Robin;
How will we get him home? says Robinty Bobbin;
How will we get him home? says Johnnie alone;
How will we get him home? says every one.

With a cart and oxen, says Richety Robin;
With a cart and oxen, says Robinty Bobbin;
With a cart and oxen, says Johnnie alone;
With a cart and oxen, says every one.

How will we load him? says Richety Robin;
How will we load him? says Robinty Bobbin;
How will we load him? says Johnnie alone;
How will we load him? says every one.

Take off one wheel, says Richety Robin;
Take off one wheel, says Robinty Bobbin;
Take off one wheel, says Johnnie alone;
Take off one wheel, says everyone.

Boost, boost, says Richety Robin;
Boost, boost, says Robinty Bobbin;
Boost, boost, says Johnnie alone;
Boost, boost, says every one.

He is in, he is in, says Richety Robin;
He is in, he is in, says Robinty Bobbin;
He is in, he is in, says Johnnie alone;
He is in, he is in, says every one.

Gee, whoa, haw, says Richety Robin;
Gee, whoa, haw, says Robinty Bobbin;
Gee, whoa, haw, says Johnnie alone;
Gee, whoa, haw, says every one.

He is home, he is home, says Richety Robin;
He is home, he is home, says Robinty Bobbin;
He is home, he is home, says Johnnie alone;
He is home, he is home, says every one.

How will we unload him? says Richety Robin;
How will we unload him? says Robinty Bobbin;
How will we unload him? says Johnnie alone;
How will we unload him? says every one.

Take off one side, says Richety Robin;
Take off one side, says Robinty Bobbin;
Take off one side, says Johnnie alone;
Take off one side, says every one.

Push, push, says Richety Robin;
Push, push, says, Robinty Bobbin;
Push, push, says Johnnie alone;
Push, push, says every one.

He is out, he is out, says Richety Robin;
He is out, he is out, says Robinty Bobbin;
He is out, he is out, says Johnnie alone;
He is out, he is out, says every one.

What will we have? says Richety Robin;
What will we have? says Robinty Bobbin;
What will we have? says Johnnie alone;
What will we have? says every one.

We will have a stew, says Richety Robin;
We will have a stew, says, Robinty Bobbin.
We will have a stew, says Johnnie alone;
We will have a stew, says every one.

Who will pick him? says Richety Robin;
Who will pick him? says Robinty Bobbin.
Who will pick him? says Johnnie alone;
Who will pick him? says every one.

I will pick him, says Richety Robin;
I will pick him, says Robinty Bobbin;
I will pick him, says Johnnie alone;
I will pick him, says every one.

He is picked, he is picked, says Richety Robin;
He is picked, he is picked, says Robinty Bobbin;
He is picked, he is picked, says Johnnie alone;
He is picked, he is picked, says every one.

Who will cook him? says Richety Robin;
Who will cook him? says Robinty Bobbin;
Who will cook him? says Johnnie alone;
Who will cook him? says every one.

I will cook him, says Richety Robin;
I will cook him, says Robinty Bobbin;
I will cook him, says Johnnie alone;
I will cook him, says every one.

He is cooked, he is cooked, says Richety Robbin;
He is cooked, he is cooked, says Robinty Bobbin;
He is cooked, he is cooked, says Johnnie alone;
He is cooked, he is cooked, says every one.

Who will eat him? says Richety Robin;
Who will eat him? says Robinty Bobbin;
Who will eat him? says Johnnie alone;
Who will eat him? says every one.

I will eat him, says Richety Robbin;
I will eat him, says Robinty Bobbin;
I will eat him, says Johnnie alone;
I will eat him, says every one.

He is eat, he is eat, says Richety Robin;
He is eat, he is eat, says Robinty Bobbin;
He is eat, he is eat, says Johnnie alone;
He is eat, he is eat, says every one.

Pile up his bones, says Richety Robin;
Pile up the bones, says Robinty Bobbin;
Pile up the bones, says Johnnie alone;
Pile up the bones, says every one.

We are done, we are done, says Richety Robin;
We are done, we are done, says Robinty Bobbin;
We are done, we are done, says Johnnie alone;
We are done, we are done, says every one.

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